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Taber Free Press

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The following ::
NOTICE
:: has just been received
SHIELLS

FROSTBURY, ARCTIC CIRCLE.

The beginning of an exceptionally long term of terribly severe weather just left here and will arrive in your district about Dec. 1st. Would earnestly advise all residents of Taber to get busy at once and have a furnace installed in their homes, and so be prepared for his howling, hair-curling, blinding avalanche of severity which is now hurrying towards them.

Yours truly,
W. INTER.

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LIBERAL MEETING

Large Crowd Greets the Talented Speakers

Saturday night is by no means the best night to hold a public meeting in Taber, as this is the one night of the week in which a large amount of shopping is usually done. Nevertheless, circumstances were such that it was necessary that the meeting should be held on Saturday. A large crowd of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the opera house to listen to the distinguished party leaders—Premier Rutherford, Hon. W. T. Finlay, Minister of Agriculture; Senator L. G. DeVeber; Duncan Marshall, editor of the Edmonton Bulletin, and W. C. Simmons, M.P.P., the Liberal candidate for the House of Commons.

The hall was tastefully decorated with bunting and flowers, and between the various addresses choice selections of music were rendered by the celebrated Taber Orchestra. Dr. W. H. Lang, president of the Liberal Association, ably filled the position of chairman and in a pleasing little address introduced the first speaker of the evening, Senator DeVeber.

The Senator is one of the old timers in Alberta and was for some years the representative of the people. He gave a short account of his own labors as member, also an account of the work done by Mr. Magrath, who was the first member of this district in the Assembly at Regina, Taber being to-day largely a mining town labor legislation is consequently a question of great importance. He claimed that the Liberals had done more than the Conservatives in the interests of the laboring man, in fact the Conservatives in their eighteen years of rule had passed no labor legislation. From the time the Liberals came into power in 1896 they had done much in the interests of labor. Every contractor was made pay the prevailing wages. An effort has been made to stop labor strikes and a Bureau of Labor has been formed. So much has been accomplished in the interests of labor that representatives from England have been in Canada to investigate labor legislation with a view to passing similar legislation in England. The Alberta Government had not been very mindful of the laboring man and had placed upon the statute books that piece of advanced legislation known as the Workmen's Compensation Act, which was largely the work of the present member, W. C. Simmons, who is now appealing for the support of the people in placing him in the larger and more important sphere of member in the House of Commons.

Premier Rutherford was the next speaker and received a most hearty welcome. As there is to be no provincial election this year he confined his remarks to a review of the work done by the Alberta Legislature. He gave a very clear explanation of the various sources of revenue the province has and also of the immense amount of work accomplished in the short time since the province was formed. It is out of the question in the space at our disposal to give a detailed report of the mass of figures quoted. The Premier has such a thorough grasp of the affairs of Alberta that he can give off-hand almost the exact figures in connection with any department of the work. He impresses one as being a man of sterling integrity, a man whose life and work is devoted to the interests of building Alberta and making it the banner province of the dominion. He paid a high compliment to the rapid and solid growth of Taber. Mr. Simmons, who has so ably represented this district, has been one of the most progressive representatives in parliament and has ever kept his constituency and its needs to the front. Through his representations the bridge across the Belly River is to be built. He explained that owing to the floods of last spring work on the bridge had been unavoidably delayed, but he assured the people that the work would be continued and the bridge completed at the earliest possible date.

Mr. Simmons was the next speaker. He spoke in terms of the highest praise of Premier Rutherford and his honest, straightforward work in the interests of Alberta. He gave a short review of his own work as the local representative in the district. He had endeavored to do his work honestly and in the interests of the whole people. He took up the land policy of the Liberal Government and compared it with the policy of the Conservatives when they were in power at Ottawa. He also dealt briefly with the McGregor irrigation concession in the vicinity of Medicine, which the Conservatives charged as a graft. If that is graft he would like to know what the concession of 500,000 acres lying south of Lethbridge and Taber to the Alberta Railway & Irrigation Co. meant. If the McGregor deal is graft, then the A.R. & I. deal is five times as bad. The time being late he did not go into matters as thoroughly as he should have wished, but when he visited Taber later he would deal with these questions in full.

Hon. W. T. Finlay, minister of agriculture, spoke very briefly. He congratulated the Taber district on its rapid growth, bountiful harvest and marked evidences of prosperity on all hands. He gave an interesting account of the work of the department of agriculture and the assistance given to the establishment of agricultural societies, stock shows and creameries and the work now being undertaken to assist the farmer in securing the best breeds of poultry. He recommended very strongly the establishment of a creamery at Taber. It is most profitable to the farmer. By complying with certain conditions the department will lend assistance and will operate the creamery on the co-operative plan. Creameries have proved most profitable to farmers in other parts of the province, and were a creamery established at Taber similar results could be obtained. Mr. Finlay is a thoroughly earnest speaker and what he says he firmly believes.

The last speaker of the evening was Mr. Duncan Marshall, editor of the Edmonton Bulletin. Mr. Marshall is an orator of more than average ability. He is conversant with Canadian history and the history of both great political parties. He compared the trade policy of protection under the Conservative rule with the trade policy of preferential tariff under Liberal rule and showed how the Liberal policy had revolutionized the Canadian trade with Britain, how by building up the farming industry all other industries and the country generally had prospered. For the short time at his disposal he covered a large field in political politics and closed by making an appeal to the electors to stand by and vote for Mr. W. C. Simmons, a candidate of the party that stands for progress, prosperity and advanced legislation in the interests of the masses.

The meeting was brought to a close by all singing the National Anthem.

POLICE COURT

John Carroll appeared before W. A. Aubin, J.P., Wednesday morning on an information made by the Chief of Police, the charge being that of breaking into the town pound and releasing from the custody of the poundkeeper his cow contrary to the town by-laws. The offence is a very serious one and Magistrate Aubin so looked upon it. The town by-laws must be respected. The penalty for this offence is as high as $100. Magistrate Aubin, after weighing the evidence carefully and considering the seriousness of the offence, imposed a fine of $50 which, with the costs, amounted to $57.80.

Loomis-Wing Nuptials

A quiet wedding was celebrated on Tuesday evening when Mr. A. G. Loomis was united in marriage to Miss Geneva Mabel Wing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Wing. The ceremony took place in Mr. Loomis' new home in Third Street North and was conducted by Rev. J. R. Munro, B.D. The bride was given away by her father and looked charming in her gown of white satin with overlace. She was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Cunningham, while her brother, Mr. Seber Wing, ably supported the groom. After the ceremony the happy party repaired to the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Loomis, where a dainty wedding supper was served and a most pleasant and enjoyable evening was spent. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and costly presents, which attest the high esteem in which she is held by her many friends. The Free Press joins in congratulations and best wishes. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Loomis will be at home to their friends after September 1st in their new home on Third Street North.

Fort Smith, Ark., August 22.—Smashing right and left with sledge hammers as weapons four men fought in a blacksmith's shop at Keota, Okla., until two fell with wounds which resulted in death. Samuel Shores, sr., Samuel Shores, jr., Sidney Stockton and B. Faflore were the participants. The fight started over the decision in a civil suit.

The Difference

He stood beside the altar,
And his face was grave and sad;
She stood beside the altar
With a smile both sweet and glad.
But why this awful difference
Between the man and maid?
HER clothes were made to order,
While HIS were ready-made.

NO NEED OF THE DIFFERENCE WITH YOU
When We Make To Order
FROM $18.50 UP
A. Potter & Co
Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters
TO MEN WHO KNOW

School Books
SCRIBBLERS AND EXERCISE BOOKS, PENCILS, PENS AND GEOMETRY SUPPLIES, SLATES, SCHOOL BAGS, ETC., ETC.
School Supplies
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Eastern Townships Bank.
CAPITAL, $3,000,000 | RESERVE, $1,860,000
57 branches and agencies in Canada. 48 years in operation
General Banking Business Conducted
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED
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$5 and under, 03 | $10 to $30, 10c
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Impossible to lose your money in transmitting it by this method
Taber Branch, C. E. Moe, Manager

"The Pioneer Merchants"
To clear the balance of our Summer Goods, rather than carry them over, we are offering the following Very Special Prices:—
MEN'S SUMMER HATS
REGULAR 85c. to $1.50 YOUR CHOICE ... 75c.
DRESS GINGHAMS 15c. YOUR CHOICE ... 10c.
DRESS MUSLINS 15c. YOUR CHOICE ... 10c.
DRESS PRINTS 12½c. YOUR CHOICE ... 10c.
The Taber Trading Co., Ltd.

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E. C. JONES
Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign-Writer. Estimates free
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Harness, saddles, whips, robes, blankets and everything for your horse. Special attention given to orders of all kinds
SEE OUR STOCK OF
LAP ROBES & SUMMER DUSTERS
JUST ARRIVED

Notice to the Public
The undersigned builders and contractors are prepared to furnish plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds and sizes. Address them at the Taber Hotel.
McKellar & Wildman
Builders and Contractors

Spring Truants

By W. F. BRYAN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"Where are you going, Buster?" Halvord looked down upon the sturdy figure of Dick Bennington, otherwise "Buster," with a twinkle in the kindly gray eyes.

"Playin' hookey," explained Buster promptly. "Wanter come fishin'?"

For a moment Brian Halvord regarded the boy with judicial gravity.

"You know very well," he begun, "that after such a confession it is my bounden duty to see that you are delivered into the tender clutches of Miss Spofford," he reminded. "And yet here I am seriously considering sharing in your crimes and your pleasures, Buster. It's not only schoolboys who play hookey. I think I shall become your accomplice and play hookey myself."

Buster looked up in surprise. Halvord was a grown man! Men did not play hookey. Halvord read the question in the big blue eyes.

"There is a report that I should get out today," he explained. "Not to fulfill business promises is playing hookey just the same as staying away from school."

"The fish are bitin' fine, Jimmy Morrow got 'leven yesterday," said Buster defensively. "I got two limes. I brought one for Bud Schenck, but Bud was 'fraid."

"Clearly this is the intervention of Providence," declared Halvord laughingly. "Lead on, my youthful tempter! But suppose we stop for lunch first."



"BUT IT WILL BE NEXT SATURDAY, WILL IT NOT?"

Halvord's boarding place was just around the corner, and soon he had an ample lunch put up to supplement Buster's well filled box. Together they turned their steps from the village across the fields to where the "river," scarcely more than a brook, tumbled over the rocks in its haste to join the larger stream beyond.

They found a little nook in the rocky wall where the gray rocks widened slightly to form a grassy lawn fringed with trees just unfolding their leaves. There was still sufficient hint of chill in the air to lend sparkle to the sunny warmth, and to Halvord, long buried at his desk and the intricate analysis which formed his work, it seemed as though he had become a boy again as he dug angleworms with a bit of broken branch and placed them in a box.

Never on his fishing trips during vacation time had he enjoyed half the sport with costly rods and reels that he found in the grimy length of line which Buster extracted from his pocket. It required some surgical tailoring to remove the barb of the hook, which had fastened itself in the lining, and Halvord watched the proceeding with eyes suddenly grown young.

It was too early in the season for the fish to be finical as to fare, so the worms were more eagerly accepted than the fanciest flies would be later in the season. By noon the two had caught a goodly string, and Halvord, finding a suitable place of slate in the stream, decided to add some of the fish to their picnic fare. So he built a rude stove with the flat slab of slate for the broiler.

Buster, delighted with this novelty, assisted with a will, and they were so engrossed with their task that neither noticed the approach of a slender girlish figure until a laughing voice demanded an explanation of Buster's presence so far from the schoolhouse.

"We're playing hookey," explained Halvord shamelessly. "Won't you play hookey, too, Miss Bennington? If you will you may have some of the fish."

As he spoke he pointed to the contents of the combined lunch boxes spread upon a stone and, proffered a well broiled fish upon a bit of clean birch bark. Margaret Bennington looked, hesitated and was lost.

"I suppose that I should make Dicky go right to school," she said severely, "but I haven't the heart."

"I should not at work," Halvord admitted, "but, like Buster, I have the fishing fever, and I am a worse truant than he. The morning has been well worth it, though, and there is still the long afternoon."

As he spoke he deftly lifted other fish from the flat top of the improvised stove and announced that lunch was served. The salt packed for the hard boiled eggs also served to season the fish, and to two of the trio at least the exertions of the morning gave added zest to appetite.

Margaret, too, seemed to fall under the spell of the day, and after lunch Halvord resigned his line to her, well content to merely superintend her fishing.

Ever since he had come to Chester he had worshiped Margaret Bennington from afar, but he had absorbing work in hand and had not been able to contest with the younger members of her court. Margaret, on her part, finding Halvord at first decidedly entertaining, had in pique decided that he was an old man and oblivious to her many charms. And here she found him as much a boy as her ten-year-old brother. His unexpected enthusiasm and obvious capacity for enjoyment captivated her. It was all so different from the affectation of world weariness which was the approved pose among the wealthy youth of Chester.

The sun was dropping toward the west before Buster reluctantly wound up his lines and thrust them, all dripping, into his long suffering pockets. Even then the trio lingered to gather flowers, and it was twilight before they reached the road at last and came to a parting of the ways.

"It has been a most pleasant afternoon," said Margaret as she extended her slim, cold hand to Halvord. "I am very grateful to you."

"It is I who should be grateful," said Halvord softly, forgetting to relinquish her hand. "May I hope that some time again"—

"It sets a bad example to Dicky," she said laughingly, "but some Saturday when he does not have to play truant we may come again."

"Saturday is a long way off, four days," Halvord said dismally. "But it will be next Saturday, will it not?"

"Next Saturday," she promised as she withdrew her hand.

"Gee," exclaimed Buster as he and Margaret swung down the tree arched lane, leaving the chemist-author standing, hat in hand, "but I've had a bully day! Aren't you glad you came?"

He held up his string of fish, thrilling with pardonable pride.

"I've got a fine catch too!"

The girl looked straight ahead into the purple twilight.

"Yes, Buster, dear; I'm glad I came. And I think we made a fine catch."

Full Grown Children.

"At an out of the way little station," said a railway guard, "a party of workingmen wished to book to a town in the midlands to see a football match. Unfortunately the booking clerk had only a limited number of tickets for that journey at his disposal. Eventually he got out of his difficulty by dividing the pieces of pasteboard and issuing children's tickets to the party, at the same time explaining to the how matters stood.

"They've paid the full fare, of course,' he remarked, 'so you must see 'em through.'

"I had almost forgotten the matter when a ticket examiner at B. came to me and remarked, with a sorrowful shake of the head:

"'This under age dodge is getting too warm!'

"'What's the matter?' I asked.

"'Matter?' he echoed disgustedly. 'Why, here's a whole carriage full of children wot plays cards, drinks whisky and wears whiskers!'"—London Tit-Bits.

A Subtle Distinction.

Ned, the friend of Bill, the fish merchant, surveyed him reproachfully.

"Bill," he said solemnly, "I ain't the chap to round on a pal, but that there fish you sold my missus this mornin' was—well, the cat ain't been near the house since and"—

"Ned," replied the friend of his youth sadly, "mine's a difficult job. I've got to make a living, and if the fish is good I sells it and does pretty well. If it ain't good I sells it and does pretty well also. It ain't my fault; I never sent the stuff wrong. But you're a pal of mine, and I'll let you know 'ow you can find out for yourself 'ow things are."

"Yes," said Ned eagerly.

"If you 'ears me shout 'Fine fresh fish!' you can reckon it is fresh fish, but if I shout 'Fish, oh!'—well, it is fish, oh!"—London Tit-Bits.

Moon Blindness in Horses.

It is said that "moon blindness" in a horse is caused by "wolf teeth"—two small surplus teeth just in front of the first upper premolars, one on each side of the upper jaw. An authority says: "The 'wolf teeth' do not cause eye disease or any other harm and usually are not discovered until the eye disease appears. The eye trouble is 'periodic ophthalmia' (moon blindness), which is hereditary and incurable. Thousands upon thousands of horses suffer from this eye disease, yet have not a 'wolf tooth' in their heads. The important matter to remember in connection with periodic ophthalmia is not the significance of the 'wolf tooth,' but the necessity and importance of rejecting from breeding operations all afflicted with periodic ophthalmia, or cataract, which results from repeated attacks."

Do You Count Your Steps?

Do you count your steps? It is a silly and useless practice, but at the back of his head this writer is always counting his steps. He can tell you the number of steps that lead from his flat in Kensington to South Kensington station (there is an unlucky thirteen at the station) until he has mounted to the office window. And when he put the question to his wife she could not tell the number of the stairs she had climbed (they are twenty) for three years to the first floor flat.—London Chronicle.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS

And Bright's Disease Are Practically One.

Dr. Bright discovered that the symptoms of Bright's disease were caused by inflammation of the kidneys. Thus it derives its name. As to the relationship of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the above disease, the testimonials of thousands bear evidence.

Notwithstanding the remarkable cures of this dreadful disease by this medicine, people still work on, complaining of terrible pains in the small of the back, exclaiming they feel "all in," being overcome with feelings of weariness and despondency.

Perhaps you haven't these particular symptoms, but have the ones which are most noticeable in the urine. Upon them the physician relies for a positive opinion. If the urine is of a deep color, has a strong odor and deposits a heavy sediment upon standing, then consider your case carefully. They are infallible signs, but not of an incurable disease; thanks to Dr. Chase.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured others, they can cure you. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Write for Dr. Chase's 1908 Calendar Almanac.

An Eye to Business.

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered a $5 bill was passed into his hand by the regretful golfer.

"Thanky, sir," said the injured man after a kindling glance at the money. "An' when will you be playin' again, sir?"—June Lippincott's.

Used according to directions Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial will afford relief in the most acute form of summer complaint. Whenever the attack manifests itself no time should be lost in seeking the aid of the Cordial. It will act immediately on the stomach and intestines and allay the irritation and pain. A trial of it will convince anyone of the truth of these assertions.

"Club women in Boston," said the head-line.

"Dear, dear," commented the near-sighted man, unable to read the context. "I never would have thought it possible. Why, the very worst we do in Philadelphia is to neglect to give 'em a seat."—Philadelphia Ledger.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS KILL LITTLE ONES.

At the first signs of illness during the hot weather months give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the child may be beyond cure. These tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to well children, and will promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. There is no other medicine so effective and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets are absolutely safe. Mrs. E. Le Brun, Carillon, Que., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I know of for regulating the stomach and bowels. I think no mother should be without this medicine." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Some navvies in a railway carriage were in once in loud conversation, swearing boisterously the while. One of them was especially fluent. "My friend," said another passenger in shocked tones, "where did you learn to use such language?"

"Learn!" said the navvy. "You can't learn it, guv'ner. It's a gift, that's wot it is."—Dundee Advertiser.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A Youthful Sociologist.

J. McKee Borden, secretary of the Department of Charities, said recently at a banquet in New York:

"Everything has its cause, its simple and striking and satisfactory cause if we can but find it. Take the question of poverty and wealth. Once in a miserable slum, I heard two little girl beggars talking.

"'Why is it,' said the first, 'that the poor is allus more willin' to help us than the rich?'

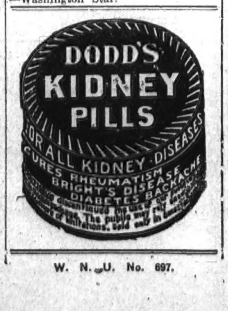
"The second answered promptly and bitterly:

"'Them wot don't mind givin' is the ones wot stays poor.'"

"Do you think Bliggins would make a good husband?" asked the conscientious youth.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the girl, in surprise.

"Because if you think such a fool as Bliggins could manage it, I have a good mind to take a chance myself."—Washington Star.



COMPETITION IS WAR.

Socialism Offers Peace and Friendship Instead of Conflict.

Our present system of society is based on a state of perpetual war. Do any of you think this is as it should be? I know that you have often been told that the competition which is at present the rule of trade is a good thing and that it stimulates the progress of the race, but the people who tell you this should call competition by its shorter name of war if they wish to be honest, and you would then be free to consider whether or no war stimulates progress otherwise than as a mad bull chasing you over your garden may do. War or competition, whichever you may please to call it, means at the best pursuing your own advantage at the cost of some one else's loss, and in the process it is you must not be sparing of destruction even of your own possessions or you will certainly come by the worst in the struggle.

You understand that perfectly as to the kind of war in which people go out to kill and be killed—that sort of war in which ships are commissioned, for instance, "to sink, burn and destroy"—but it appears that you are not so conscious of this waste of goods when you are only carrying on that other war called competition. Observe, however, that the waste is there all the same.

Well, surely Socialism can offer you something in the place of all that. It can. It can offer you peace and friendship instead of war. We might live utterly without national rivalries, acknowledging that, while it is best for those who feel that they naturally form a community under one name to govern themselves, yet that no community in civilization should feel that it had interests opposed to any other, their economical conditions being at any rate similar; so that any citizen of one community could fall to work and live without disturbance of his life when he was in a foreign country and would fit into his place quite naturally; so that all civilized nations would form one great community, agreeing together as to the kind and amount of production and distribution needed, working at such and such production where it could be best produced and avoiding waste by all means. Please to think of the amount of waste which they would avoid; how much such a change would add to the wealth of the world!—William Morris, British Manufacturer and Socialist.

Landseer's Valet.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, had an old servant—his butler, valet and faithful slave—named William, who was particularly assiduous in guarding the outer portal. No one could by any possibility gain direct access to Sir Edwin. The answer would invariably be, "Sir Hedwin is not at 'ome." The prince consort himself once received this answer when he called, amplified on that occasion by the assurance that "he had gone to a wedding," an entire fiction on William's part, as the prince found out, for on walking boldly in and around the garden he noticed Sir Edwin looking out of his studio window. This was the faithful attendant who, one day, when a lion had died at the zoo and his corpse came up in a four wheeled cab for to be painted from, startled his master with the question, "Please, Sir Hedwin, did you horder a lion?"

Eggs Were Rigid.

In his early days it was suggested to Mr. Meredith, the novelist, that he should take up his residence with Rossetti in Queen's House, Cheyne Walk. The novelist agreed to take a couple of rooms, and one morning, shortly after Rossetti had moved in, Mr. Meredith, who was living in Mayfair, dropped in at Chelsea to breakfast with his new apartments. "It was past noon," relates Mr. Meredith; "Rossetti had not yet risen, though it was an appointment. There was a fat table in a huge dish rested five thick slabs of bacon, upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death! Presently Rossetti appeared in dressing gown, with slippers down at heel, and devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." This decided Mr. Meredith. He did not even trouble to look at his rooms, but sent in a quarter's rent that afternoon and remained in Mayfair.

Byron's Proposal.

Lord Byron in 1830 seriously turned his thoughts to matrimony. He confided to a friend his intention of proposing to Miss Milbanke, the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke. The friend thought some other lady more suitable and agreed with Byron to write a proposal for him. One day as the two were sitting together Byron received a letter from the lady. "You see," said he, "that after all Miss Milbanke is to be the person. I will write to her." Accordingly he did so, and the friend was still supposed to his choice, on reading over the letter remarked: "It really is a very pretty letter. It is a pity it should not go." "Then it shall go," said Byron. It went, and the result was the miserable marriage which is now a matter of history.

Two Points of View.

An old Scotchwoman was walking to church with her family. The auld kirk minister rode past at a tremendous rate, and the old lady said to her children: "Siccan a way to be ridin', and this the Sawbath day. Aweel, aweel, a gude man is marcifu' to his beast!"

Shortly afterward her own minister rode past just as furiously, and the worthy old wife cried: "Ah, there he goes! The Lord bless him, puir man! His heart's in his wark, an' he's eager to be at it."

Feeding an Eskimo.

It is said that an Eskimo will devour twenty pounds of meat in a day. When the meat trust strikes the frozen north the native ought to manage to worry along on half rations to keep down the price of living.

Very few people are really well acquainted with themselves.

HOW WIFEY ECONOMIZED.

She Was Getting Tired of Cooking When He Called Off New Scheme.

"Jim, dear, may I have a new coat? I saw the dearest one downtown today."

"I have something to tell you, sweetheart," I said in a sepulchral tone. "I have lost a large sum of money in Wall street. We are very poor now. I hardly know how to make both ends meet."

"Oh, you poor boy!" she cried. "How I wish I could help you!"

"You can," I replied, "by economizing."

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "that is such a horrid way! If I could only earn some money some way it would be so much nicer. I know what I'll do!" she exclaimed suddenly. "I know just the loveliest way to help you, and it will be such fun too."

"How?" I asked.

"I will discharge Mary and Agnes and do all the housework myself."

"But I do not want you to do that," I objected. "You can help enough by not buying so many hats and dresses and things."

"Now, Jim," she protested in a hurt tone, "it is real mean of you to talk like that—just as if I were extravagant. Why, that old rag of a dress I have now I have worn for perfect ages, and that hat—I have had only two since Christmas."

"Three," I corrected.

"Oh, yes, counting that little rainy day hat, but that did not cost anything at all."

"Henwick & Co. seemed to think so," I replied dryly. "At least they sent me a fair sized bill for it. If they made a mistake"—

"Don't be horrid, Jim," she interrupted severely. "Anyway, I am going to do what I said. We can have awfully nice things to eat too. I know lots of perfectly delicious things to have—things that an ordinary cook would never think of."

For a week the head of the house acted as chef of our establishment, and when the bills came in I realized that a month of her catering would bankrupt me in earnest. I decided upon a ruse.

"I guess the financial crisis has passed," I said, with a fine bluff at cheerfulness, when I came home the next day. "With your help I have pulled through, and we are on our feet again. So you will not have to do the housework any more.'

The head of the house was delighted. "Oh, isn't that splendid!" she cried. I agreed that it was.

"I really am getting a little tired of cooking," she confessed. "Besides now I can get that new coat."

No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wart may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure if used as directed.

The first civilized settlement in Australia was made at Botany bay in 1738 by some 1,030 persons, mostly convicts. In 1825 Moreton bay, New South Wales, was settled. The settlement of Western Australia dates from 1829. Explorations of Australia began in 1815 and have been kept up at intervals ever since. The greater part of the interior of the continent is little better than desert, being either sand or dense shrub or porcupine bush. In 1875 Giles traversed a territory 2,500 miles in extent which was declared "unfit for human habitation." And yet the artesian well may yet make Australia bloom like a garden.

SEVERELY INJURED.

Winnipeg.—During a football match Collin Taylor sustained a double fracture of the leg. He is under the surgical care of Dr. Burnham.

Polite Circumlocution.

"Is that man a lobbyist?"

"My dear sir, there are no lobbyists. But there must be patriotic people who give members of the legislature advice on public needs entirely outside their own range of experience."—Washington Star.

Exigencies.

"I should suppose, in the interest of realism, you would have real wine in the play."

"Well, we mustn't be too exacting. The plot requires the leading man to decline a drink of it, and we only pay him $20 a week, you know."—Puck.

Didn't See It.

Bacon—Did you see that your friend had lost his position?

Egbert—No, I didn't know it, and I read the fire record too! — Yonkers Statesman.

The Ancient Wheeze.

Cholly—Er, Miss Dolly, I used to think—

Dolly—Indeed! And why did you give it up?—Cleveland Leader.



TOOKE SHIRTS

Do you ever find your cuffs a nuisance when working in your shirt sleeves?

Aren't they continually bothering you and hampering the free movements of your hands?

Some men use elastic bands to keep their cuffs up.

But these are always unsatisfactory and uncomfortable.

The "EZIAJUSTA" in

TOOKE SHIRTS

keeps your cuffs out of the way. No trouble is required to adjust them and no discomfort experienced

They're very convenient when working, rowing, playing tennis or golf, washing your hands, etc.

These "EZIAJUSTAS" also prevent your cuffs from wearing out and soiling quickly.

Tooke Brothers, Limited Montreal.

20

O'Flanagan came home one night with a deep band of black crape around his hat.

"Why, Mike!" exclaimed his wife, "what are ye wearin' that mournful thing for?"

"I'm wearin' it for yer first husband," replied Mike, firmly; "I'm sorry he's dead."

The Oil for the Farmer.—A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the farm house will save many a journey for the doctor. It is not only good for the children when taken with colds and croup, and for the mature who suffer from pains and aches, but there are directions for its use on sick cattle. There should always be a bottle of it in the house.

"This hydrophobia scare is absurd," remarked the collie.

"Perfectly ridiculous," assented the bulldog. "Why, every time I bite a man now he makes a fuss about it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

POLICE SPIES IN PARIS.

Legitimist Leader Mystified Over Revelation by Prefect Lepine.

Paris Gil Blas gives the world an illustration of the workings of the French secret police in an anecdote which it publishes with an assurance that the incident happened recently.

A distinguished member of Parisian society sent out invitations for a large soiree at his house in the Faubourg St. Germain. He is a Legitimist, and it was hardly concealed that the gathering was to have a certain political significance.

As soon as he heard of it Police Prefect Lepine called upon the host and with the utmost politeness solicited a couple of invitations for agents on his staff.

"M. le Comte," said he, "I give you my word of honor the men to whom I intrust them will look like perfect gentlemen; they will act like gentlemen—in a word, they will be worthy of the honor you confer on them by making them your guests."

The count was very haughty, however. He explained with ill concealed disdain that his party would be made up of the bluest blood in France and any outsider would be at once conspicuous.

M. Lepine appeared to be convinced; at least he yielded the point gracefully, merely adding: "At least, M. le Comte, you will allow me to see the list of your guests. My duty compels me to know who will be there."

M. le Comte made no objection. He produced the list, and Lepine scanned it carefully. He was wreathed in smiles as he returned it. With many bows he apologized for having troubled M. le Comte.

"It was no unnecessary," said he. "I really would have no use for those invitations. I see that M. le Comte already has on his list of guests the names of five of my most trusted observers."

The count and his friends have been wondering ever since whether this was literally true or whether it was a shrewd device to render the gathering unocuous.

TRISCUIT

The wholesome and dainty Shredded Wheat wafer for luncheon, or any meal, with butter, cheese, fruit or marmalade, will give you new strength and vitality.

Always Ready to Serve. Always Delicious.

Sold by all grocers. 955

The Back Number.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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When the boys came back to college, Catherine Newlands displayed rejuvenated charms. The enforced quiet of the summer season in the dull old town had rested her, had brightened her eye and given a tinge of color to her cheeks.

As she crossed the campus that first morning in a scarlet sweater and white linen skirt, with her tawny hair in a big knot low on her neck, a half dozen of the freshmen turned to look after her.

Catherine felt their admiration with a thrill of gratification. For ten years she had basked in the delight of making that first impression on the new boys, and it was like a draft of old wine to a tippler.

Now and then in her triumphant progress a junior or a senior stopped her and greeted her with frank friendliness. That was one of the advantages of an affair with Catherine Newlands. She knew how to shade a love affair off into a good comradeship, and the boys, who in their freshman years had been her adorers, came for advice in their later love affairs.

For Catherine would have none of them. She liked to bask in the sunlight of their admiration, she liked to be the queen of the junior promenade, she liked the violets and the blue pennants and the crowd of eager boys surrounding her at the football game. She liked to sing "Down the Field" for them and to have them cheer her at the end. She liked to lead in their college yell, and the roar of their young voices was music in her ears. But that was all!

"You are too young," she would say frankly as some stricken youth would plead, "and, besides, if I married you, what would the other boys do?"

A lot of her old friends crowded around her as she reached the library steps, and there was a fringe of unconquered freshmen in the background. But when she presently detached herself from the group it was one of the faculty, Oswald Ware, who accompanied her.

"Dear old boy," she said as they walked toward the great gate that led out into the city street, "it's so good to have you back."

"Don't call me old boy," he flung out, with a touch of irritation. "Heaven



SHE SAT DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS DESK.

knows I am old, but you needn't rub it in."

He was bareheaded, and Catherine glanced affectionately at his gray streaked temples.

"You're just right," she told him, and then as her eyes swept the scene—the sunlighted square, the old buildings that seemed to breathe a benediction over the boys, the boys themselves, of the best college type, graceful, lithe, strong young animals, ready for the training that should make men of them—she exclaimed: "Aren't they fine? It's the spirit of the place that I love, Oswald, and it's the ideas of such men as you that help to bring out the best in them."

"They are a lot of cubs," gloomily.

"Oswald!"

"Well, they are. In the classes I don't feel that way. I know they are going to be men some time, and I want them to be the right sort, but when I see you frittering away your time with them—you with all your possibilities"—

"I love it," she asserted, "and when I can't have their admiration any more I think the youth in me will die, Oswald."

He glanced down at her. "But there are other things worth while—love and me and the needs of humanity."

"I am not great enough for those things," obstinately. "Why didn't you fall in love with some other girl, Oswald?"

"Because you are the one woman. And I know you better than you do yourself. Some day this will pall on you"—

She interrupted him. "I shan't change," she said flippantly, "but if I should I'll come to that stuffy little, mussy little class room of yours and tell you"—

They had reached Lampson hall, and he was forced to leave her. As she made her way slowly back across the campus her eyes were thoughtful, but her ears were sharpened to hear the comments of the new boys.

"Who is she?" came an eager question.

"Catherine Newlands."

"She's a beauty"—

"My dear boy, she is a back number. She is twenty-eight if she's a day."

It was the first note of disloyalty to her queenship, and the man who had said it for her to hear was sore over a rebuff, but the light seemed to go out of the morning. The old buildings frowned grim and gray above the hollow square, and, to add to it all, in through the big gate came another girl—a little thing with a fluff of fair hair. Tiptilted on her high heels, with her pink ruffles floating about her, she was like a wild rose.

The boys on the campus fence bent eagerly to watch the new arrival, and the freshmen, debarred from the fence, but hanging in groups about the big gate, asked the question that had so often thrilled Catherine Newlands:

"Who is she?"

Laughing and all a-flutter with the joy of the attention she was exciting, the other girl came toward Catherine.

"Oh, Miss Newlands," she gurgled, "don't you remember me?"

"It's Gracie Allendale!" Catherine said brightly. "Why, Gracie, when did you grow up?"

The other girl laughed delightedly.

"Yesterday, I think," she said, "when mother told me that I needn't go back to school. I am going to be here all winter and have the time of my life!"

Her lips answered the older girl, but her eyes were on the boys. And suddenly she was swept away, with a dozen laughing lads in her train, and Catherine was left alone.

One youngster ran back.

"You won't mind," he said boyishly. "We want to show her things."

Catherine shook her head.

"No," she said slowly; "I don't mind."

But when he had gone she went out of the big gate with lagging steps and drooping head.

Late that afternoon Oswald Ware, bending over a pile of papers in the fusty, musty study, saw a vision of light as Catherine in a filmy flowered gown came in.

She sat down on the other side of his desk.

"Oswald," she said, "the queen is dead. Long live the queen!"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I am a back number," she said wistfully. "I heard a boy say it. And Gracie Allendale has developed into a little beauty, and they are flocking to her."

"She will never be as beautiful as you," he said indignantly.

"Ah, but she has youth." The girl was silent for a moment; then, "Just think of it," she said, "I am twenty-eight."

"You are a mere child," he stormed. "Why, I—I am almost forty. You are a mere child."

A smile broke the corners of her mouth.

"How nice it sounds to hear you say it. You are such a comfort, Oswald."

"I wish you would let me show you what there is in life for you, dear heart; such big things as compared to the little life of the campus."

"Ah, but youth is there." And her eyes wandered out to the sunlighted space under the elms.

"And love is here," he said.

Then her eyes came back to him.

"That is why I came," she said tremulously—"that is why I came to you, Oswald."

A Trying Prescription.

There was little doubt in the doctor's mind that Mr. Lambkin's recovery from an attack of nervous exhaustion would be more rapid if Mrs. Lambkin were a less animated and constant talker.

Mrs. Lambkin had never felt that her husband's trouble was serious. Her own health was in a far more precarious condition than his, she felt sure.

"We didn't need to come to the country on his account any more than on mine," she told the doctor on his third visit. "As I say to Mr. Lambkin day after day, if he'd rise above his feelings, as I do, and take an interest in everything and ask questions and observe and draw people out he'd forget himself. Now, I know perfectly well that I have a high temperature this morning, and I should like you to look at my tongue."

She thrust out her long and lively tongue for the doctor's inspection and waited for his answer.

"I see, madam," he said at last gravely, "that it is sadly in need of exactly what I am prescribing for your husband—perfect rest and quiet for at least six hours a day for the next three months."

A Rich "Find."

The sensational discovery of buried Spanish treasure of gold and jewels on the foreshore at Paradelba reminds one of the romantic discovery of the famous treasure of Guatrazar under conditions almost identical, says the Westminster Gazette. Some peasants traveling near Toledo one day in 1858 noticed objects of gold and jewel work which had been exposed to view by the heavy rains. The peasants, ignorant of its value, sold their treasure trove for a trifling sum to a local resident, who fled with it to Paris and disposed of it to the authorities of the Musee Cluny. The objects proved to be of rare antiquarian as well as intrinsic value. They were, in fact, eleven crowns which had been worn by Visigothic kings who had ruled Spain 1,200 years previously. The largest of these crowns, a beautiful piece of workmanship, has thirty large sapphires and as many pearls of great size. Below it hangs a cross set with similar precious stones, from which hang jeweled pendants.

Young Folks

A SAILOR ROOK.

Story of Bird That Made Its Home on a Shipboard.

Many years ago as the whaling ship Diana was returning from a voyage in the Arctic ocean her captain and crew were surprised one day to see a rook in a state of great exhaustion flutter into the rigging. The nearest land was more than 200 miles away, so such a visitor was quite unexpected.

With great care and gentleness the bird was caught, and after receiving as much attention as any storm tossed traveler would require it was offered its liberty again. But, though thoroughly restored in health and vigor, it refused to leave the ship. With loud caws of contentment it would hop about the deck as though that were its real home, and when darkness settled down upon the ocean it retired into the rigging, there to roost as comfortably as any of its stay at home relations among their leafy elms. When the Shetland islands were reached the captain of the Diana sent his feathered passenger on shore, naturally thinking that this would be in accordance with its wishes. But the next day, when the ship was forty miles farther on its way to Hull and land was quite out of sight, the sailors saw a dark speck in the sky which grew and grew till, to their astonishment and delight, the passenger they had left behind fluttered joyously on board, craving its satisfaction at reaching home once more, if not reproving them for giving it the slip.

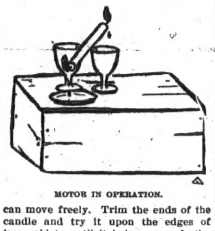
After that there was no more thought of parting, and this Columbus of the bird world became a great favorite with all on board. Sad to say, when the journey's end was reached at Hull the poor bird, which had found upon the stormy sea such sympathy and kindness, was attacked by a party of ignorant boys and killed.

A CANDLE MOTOR.

How to Perform a Simple and Interesting Experiment.

Here, boys and girls, is a new motor for you. Take a candle and make the experiment yourselves.

Take two pins and, first heating them sufficiently to penetrate the candle, insert them in the center of the candle at right angles to the wick on opposite sides so that the projecting points will form an axis upon which the candle



MOTOR IN OPERATION.

can move freely. Trim the ends of the candle and try it upon the edges of two glasses until it balances perfectly. Now light both ends and place a small plate under each to catch the drippings. Now, as one end drips that side becomes lighter, and it goes up while the other drips, and it starts up, and so on. The candle will seesaw faster and faster until it is all consumed. Little paper manikins attached to either end add to the entertainment.

The Word Quaint.

This word three or four centuries ago had a most elastic signification. Now it means something odd or unusual, something out of the ordinary run of things. Then it meant almost anything you pleased to have it mean. For example, it was applied to things that were agreeable, elegant, clever, neat, trim, gracious, pretty, amiable, taking, affable, proper, spruce, happy, handsome, knowing, dodgy, artful, cunning, gentle, prudent, wise, discreet. Perhaps no other word in the language was quite so comprehensive.

Questions and Answers.

Why should a man named Benny marry a girl called Annie? Because he would be Benny-fited and she would be Annie-mated.

What is the difference between a man looking upstairs and one going up? One is staring up steps, the other stepping upstairs.

Why do chickens no future to look forward to? Because they have their necks twirled (next world) in this.

Why is a lazy dog like a hill? Because he is a slow pup (slope up).

Why is a bee a great deceiver? Because he is a humbug.

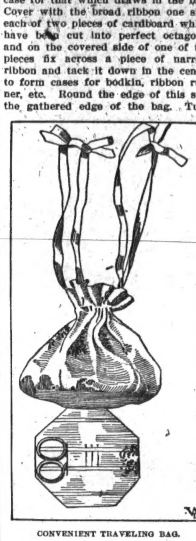
What the Months Bring.

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.
February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.
March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the forests on the hill.
April brings the violets sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.
May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.
June brings pansies, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.
July, hot, brings cooling showers,
Pleasant shade in leafy bowers.
August, with its burning heat,
Brings the fields of yellow wheat.
September brings luscious fruit,
Every various taste to suit.
October brings the golden corn,
In groaning wagons homeward borne.
November brings the stinging blast,
Makes the leaves go whirling past.
December, chilly, brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

A DAINTY WORKBAG.

Useful to the Girl Who Goes on Week End Visits.

For this dainty little workbag one yard of pretty flowered silk ribbon six inches wide, two yards of narrow ribbon to match and four octagonal pieces of cardboard four inches across are required. Cut off sixteen inches of the broad ribbon, join round the two ends, gather round one edge, and one inch below the other edge stitch round a piece of the narrow ribbon to form a case for that which draws in the bag. Cover with the broad ribbon one side each of two pieces of cardboard which have been cut into perfect octagons, and on the covered side of one of the pieces fix across a piece of narrow ribbon and tack it down in the center to form cases for bodkin, ribbon runner, etc. Round the edge of this sew the gathered edge of the bag. Turn



CONVENIENT TRAVELING BAG.

the bag inside out and sew on the other piece of cardboard, with the covered side uppermost.

Now cover the third piece of cardboard on both sides. Cut three sides off the fourth piece of cardboard and cover the larger of the two pieces with the broad ribbon. Sew this on the third piece of covered cardboard so as to form a pocket to hold a tiny pair of scissors, and on this pocket attach a couple of small pieces of thin flannel for a needlecase.

One side or edge of this must be sewed to one side of the bottom of the bag. Make a little loop of buttonhole stitch in the center of the side right opposite to this, through which a short glass headed pin can fasten this side also to the bottom of the bag, which when closed looks like an ordinary affair.

There ought to be a small cutting of ribbon over, of which a tiny bag could be made for holding hooks, eyes, buttons, etc., while a further addition to its utility would be a couple of tiny reels of cotton, a tape measure and a thimble. The little pincushion is made of velvet stuffed with wadding.

Black and white glass beaded pins are stuck round the edges of the bottom of the bag, which make a nice finish.

A CULINARY NOVELTY.

Surprises to Tempt Palates That Sigh For "Something New."

Olives may be a cultivated taste, but to the trained palate they offer endless novelties when used in clever combinations. The modern cook holds the olive in gentle regard and with its aid prepares many a surprise to tempt palates that sigh for "something new."

Olive sandwiches, which are tiny ovals of thin bread spread with butter, then with equal parts of grated celery and chopped walnut meats put together in pairs, with a stoned olive pressed into the top, are popular at teas.

Russian sandwiches are made by chopping olives fine and just moistening them with mayonnaise. Cut thin slices of bread in narrow strips. Spread the olive upon half the pieces, spreading the others with caviare. Press together in pairs.

Stuffed olives have the stones removed and replaced by any salpicon or forcemeat preferred. A variety is produced by stuffing them with some savory butter, such as lemon butter, apple butter, etc. They are separated from the stone spirally, as one peels an apple. The stoned olive is then folded about the filling, which should be about the size of the stone, until it resumes its original shape.

A Bad Leaning That Way.

At Emerson's dinner table one day there was mention of a woman well known as a lion hunter, and in speaking of her Mrs. Emerson used the word "snob." Mr. Emerson objected; the word was too harsh; he didn't like that ugly class of words beginning with "sn." His wife inquired how he would characterize the lady. "I should say"—very slowly—"she is a person having great sympathy with success."

"Fighting Bob's" Wife.

Mrs. Robley D. Evans, wife of the admiral, is a soft voiced woman of the south with snow white hair waved back from a face untroubled as a child's. A more dovelike mate for the grizzled naval hero could hardly be imagined. The stirring events of his eventful career have left no impression on her countenance or her soul. Her sunny temperament is one of her greatest charms.

Woman's World

MME. MIDZUNO.

Japanese Consul's Wife Tells How Matches Are Made in Mikado's Land.

"Americans fall in love and then marry; the Japanese marry and then fall in love."

This is the statement of the wife of Kokikochi Midzuno, the Japanese consul general. She recently arrived from her native land and is living at present at the Barnard, 100 Central Park West, New York city.

"Why do American women tire of their husbands?" she asked as she brewed tea and ordered cake.

"American women," she said, "ought to stop and think of one of our old songs. The words of it run like this: 'I want to live to be ninety-nine years, and you must live to be a hundred, so that we may be happy while our hair grows gray.'

"Marriage is safer in Japan. Experienced people arrange it. In the great wisdom of our parents these marriages



MME. MIDZUNO.

are brought about. A young man desires to marry a girl. Her father arranges a meeting, and the two young persons are introduced. Maybe they do not love at first, but after awhile a great and tender affection steals upon them. Wives in Japan are content with their husbands for years and years.

"Too many husbands is not a happy thing," she declared. "The American women should be more content and not crave so much excitement. They should have wise people to choose for them their mates and not go so suddenly into matrimony. To love all before marriage and leave no happiness for the years to come after that is not a good thing."

Kokikochi Midzuno is a reserved and grave man, with more than an ordinary sense of humor.

"Our English," he said, "is more academic than idiomatic. We understand English with our eyes long before we know it through our ears."

Quaint Dental Wisdom.

In every age writers have occupied themselves with dental hygiene, and an old writer at the end of the sixteenth century quaintly condenses dental wisdom as follows:

"If you want to guard the teeth against all accidents, external as well as internal, to keep them beautiful and useful to the end of a long life, take care not to put into the mouth anything too hot or too cold.

"Do not eat meat that is hard or difficult to digest.

"Do not drink any liquor with effervescing qualities.

"Do not eat sweet or sticky things, nor break with the teeth anything that is hard, nor drink wine or water too cold, as many do during the heat of summer. Avoid soups that are too hot.

"After you have eaten, wash the mouth immediately with some harsh or rough wine to prevent decay. When you eat, do so on both sides of the mouth. Do not favor one side more than the other.

"Figs, sugar and other things which are inclined to soften or try the teeth are bad and unwholesome."

There is one golden rule that says, "After eating, rinse the mouth," and another, "Brush the teeth night and morning."

Dainty women do this three and four times a day. It becomes second nature with them.

In brushing, do not use too large a brush or too stiff bristles. See that the surface of the brush is well rounded, that it may reach every corner of the mouth.

The ideal way to brush is from the gum toward the end of the tooth, downward for the upper jaw and upward for the lower. In brushing lengthwise of the entire row of teeth there is danger of irritating the tender gums.

The woman who cares for immaculate teeth will every twenty-four hours pass through the interstices a thread of silk, made for the purpose, to remove every last particle of food.

The Invalid's Bedroom.

The phantasies of the wall paper helped out by a sick brain have been objiterated in one residence where a occupant has been through a long and tedious course of illness and unable to be moved for many weeks. Screens of plain dull green denim were made by one of the family and hung from the picture rail. Each is the width of the material and long enough to cover the wall, the top and bottom each having a lath run into the hem to keep them straight. The top is finished with a wire by which to hang it. Only the ends of two sides and a corner needed the screens, as the patient faces only in those directions. Only a person who has been ill for a long time in one room can appreciate the misery that the cracks on the wall and the figures in the paper can give. A change of the pictures in the room without any previous mention to the sick person is it will sometimes be almost if not quite equal to a change from the room to another apartment. The same picture day after day comes to be a monotony hard to be borne by one who is very weak and nervous. It is often in severe illness better to take down all the pictures not only because of their monotony, but because they gather dust. The fewer things in a sickroom the better for patient and nurse.

Useful Vegetables.

Prominent specialists claim that spinach is the most precious of vegetables on account of its medicinal and strengthening properties. Its emollient and laxative virtues, owing probably to the salt of potash it contains, have long been known. It is excellent for the liver and as a consequence freshens the complexion.

The chemist Bunge has proved that spinach and the yolk of an egg are proportionately richer in digestible and assimilable iron than many remedies. The great value and growing importance are shown in the fact that spinach is already an active ingredient in several new and valuable tonics.

Onions, it is maintained by experts, are almost the best nervine known. They are most useful in cases of nervous prostration and will greatly assist in giving tone to the system.

They are useful in cases of coughs, colds and influenza. Eaten every other day they soon have a brightening and clearing effect on the complexion.

Balzac and the Thief.

A story, said to be new, of Balzac is related by a French contemporary. A burglar gained admission to Balzac's house and was soon at work by the light of the moon at the lock of the secretaire in the novelist's chamber. Balzac was asleep at the time, but the movements of the intruder aroused him. The burglar, who was working most industriously, paused. A strident laugh arrested his operations, and he beheld by the moonlight the novelist sitting up in bed, his sides aching with laughter.

"What is it that makes you merry?" demanded the burglar.

"I laugh," replied the author of "Pere Goriot," "to think that you should come in the night without a lantern to search my secretaire for money when I can never find any there in broad daylight."

A Time Saving Device.

If you like to change your dress shields frequently, but dislike the time it takes, try this method:

Sew on each end of the shield one half of a dress snap and on your corset cover, to correspond, the other half. When you want to wear a fresh pair of shields all you have to do is to "snap" them in place. It is as quickly and easily done as fastening your glove. They stay as firmly as though sewed, and they do not rust or tear out as when pinned. Always get your shields of one size, so that any pair of shields will fit any corset cover. After you have the dress snaps once sewed in your waist of changing shields is ended. It will take little more time than getting a fresh handkerchief.

Scent In Ribbon Bows.

Scented ribbon bows to be worn at night are the newest things in Paris. Between two layers of ribbon is placed a sandwiching of scented wadding. The hair is confined loosely with the ribbon, which not only perfumes the hair, but brings pleasant dreams to the wearer, say sentimental maids. The high wired lace stock is made a holder of sachet powder. The stock is a rim of velvet. Between this and the lace there is an interlining of chiffon and within this is the perfumed dust.

Craving For Sympathy.

Some nervous, highly strung wives cultivate a craving for sympathy and an astonishing amount of self pity when really there is nothing in the world for them to be sorry about.

It is nice to know that husbands and friends are ready to sympathize with us in our joys and sorrows, but sympathy is good only in small doses.

Too much of it takes the strength and backbone out of character, just as living in heated rooms and sleeping on feather beds weaken the body.

An Excellent Hair Wash.

An excellent hair wash is to take one ounce of borax and one ounce of powdered camphor and dissolve in a pint of boiling water added to cold water in a bowl. The camphor will form into lumps, but a sufficient amount will dissolve. This will strengthen the hair and preserve the color.

To prevent raisins or currants in cake from dropping to the bottom of the pan first put a little of the dough into the pan and then put in the cake mixture to which the fruit, well floured, has been added.

Never use soda for washing china that has any gilding on it, for the soda will in time surely remove it all. Instead of soda use a little soap. That has no bad effect.

To Our Patrons and Friends

Call and see us in our

LARGE, EXTENDED

SHOWROOM

We have just opened up a Carload of FURNITURE, including Kitchen Cabinets and a nice assortment of Upholstered Fancy Rockers and Leather Goods. Call in and get prices. If you do not want to buy now, you will later.

Taber Furniture Co.

NOTICE

ODD NUMBERED SECTIONS

As already publicly announced, odd numbered sections remaining vacant and unreserved will become available for homestead entry on the coming into force of the Dominion Lands Act on the 1st September next.

As the records of only the even numbered sections have hitherto been kept in the books of the various land agencies in the Western Provinces, and the time having been very limited since the passing of the Act within which to transfer the records of all odd numbered sections from the head office at Ottawa to the local offices, it is possible that the transfer of records in some cases may not have been absolutely completed by the 1st September. In any case where the record of any quarter section has not been transferred application will be accepted, but will have to be forwarded to head office to be dealt with.

As it has been found impossible as yet to furnish agencies with copies of the records of odd numbered sections, and in view of the large probable demand for entries, all applicants for entry upon odd numbered sections are strongly advised to make their applications in person at the office of the Dominion Lands Agent and not through a Sub Land Agent. Applications for even numbered sections may be dealt with through the Sub Land Agent as before if desired.

J. W. GREENWAY,
Commissioner of Dominion Lands.

28-31

PUBLIC NOTICE

The Supreme Court of Alberta

Sittings of the Supreme Court of Alberta, both en banc and for the trial of causes, civil and criminal, and for the hearing of motions and other civil business, will be held at the following times and places:

EN BANC.

Place.	Dates.
EDMONTON	—October 6th, 1908, and March 2nd, 1909.
CALGARY	—December 1st, 1908, and June 1st, 1909.

FOR THE TRIAL OF CAUSES.

EDMONTON	—November 16th, 1908, February 2nd and May 4th, 1909.
WETASKIWIN	—November 17th, 1908, and April 13th, 1909.
RED DEER	—October 27th, 1908, and April 20th, 1909.
CALGARY	—November 3rd, 1908, February 2nd and May 4th, 1909.
MEDICINE HAT	—October 27th, 1908, and April 20th, 1909.
LETHBRIDGE	—October 27th, 1908, and April 27th, 1909.
MACLEOD	—November 10th, 1908, and April 6th, 1909.

DATED AT EDMONTON this 7th day of August, A.D. 1908.

S. B. WOODS,
Deputy Attorney General.

28-31

GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

NOTICE

To Steam Engineers

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an Examination will be held by Jos. Purdon, a duly appointed Inspector of Steam Boilers for the Province of Alberta, at:—

High River, Sept. 7, at Astoria Sample Rooms.
Claresholm, Sept. 9, at Alberta Sample Rooms.
Macleod, Sept. 11, at Town Hall.
Lethbridge, Sept. 14-15, in A.R. & I. Reading Room.
Raymond, Sept. 17, in Town Hall.
Cardston, Sept. 19th, in Gibson Sample Rooms,

at 9 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of giving engineers and apprentices an opportunity of qualifying for Certificates under the provisions of the Steam Boilers Act, 1906.

Application for examination should be made to the above-named Inspector or to

JOHN STOCKS,
Deputy Minister.

Department of Public Works,
Edmonton, Alta.

28-31

Provincial Tennis Tournament

Through the enterprise of the Edmonton Tennis Club there will be a provincial tennis tournament in the capital. This club was the original tennis club here, having now been organized for two years, and has fine grounds with every convenience.

The latest undertaking is the providing of two cups, one being kindly donated by the Edmonton Brewing Co. and the other by Messrs. Blythe and Nash, two prominent members of the club, to be played for in the men's singles and doubles for the championship of Alberta.

The matches for this year will take place on the club's courts here on Friday, Saturday and Monday, Sept. 4th, 5th and 7th. These dates should be advantageous to all as Monday is a holiday, being Labor Day.

The cups are open for competition to any person having resided in Alberta for three months, and applications will be received up to Aug. 31st by Geo. H. Adams, Secretary, Edmonton Tennis Club, from whom any particulars may be obtained.

TABER LANDS FOR SALE

Known as the C.Y. Ranch Lands

I will sell any of the following quarter or half-sections as stated below for the price of $12.50 per acre; $4.50 an acre cash, $1.50 per acre say January, 1909, and $1.00 per acre each year thereafter until paid for, with interest at 6% per annum:—

	Section	Township	Range	West of
West ½	19	11	17	4
West ½	20	11	17	4
North East ¼	19	11	17	4
North East ¼	20	11	17	4
South East ¼	20	11	17	4
North West ¼	21	11	17	4
South West ¼	21	11	17	4
North East ¼	21	11	17	4
South East ¼	19	11	17	4
South East ¼	21	11	17	4
North West ¼	16	11	17	4
East ½	18	11	17	4
North East ¼	16	11	17	4
South West ¼	16	11	17	4
West ½	30	11	17	4
East ½	30	11	17	4
South East ¼	7	11	17	4
South West ¼	7	11	17	4
North East ¼	5	11	17	4
North East ¼	22	11	17	4
South West ¼	22	11	17	4
North East ¼	7	11	17	4
North West ¼	7	11	17	4
North ½	10	11	17	4

J. J. WHITE,
38, Northumberland Street,
GUELPH, ONT.

Taber Free Press

Advertising Rates on Application
Subscription $1:50 yearly, in advance
W. A. M. Bellwood, editor and manager

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1908

Notes and Comments

Taber has a pound by-law and it is the intention of the town to enforce it.

×

There has been a regular epidemic of fatal accidents in the provinces during the last few weeks. Several violent deaths have been reported every day.

×

The Winnipeg Telegram was asked if lynching has ever taken place in Canada and in reply say that they cannot find that such a barbarous thing ever took place in Canada.

×

It is about time some of these wild and woolly harvesters from Eastern Canada were taught that the West is no place for rowdyism and that the people will not stand for it. The West wants good men, men of of intelligence, men willing to work and men that are men.

×

The time is about at hand for the establishment of a creamery at Taber. Nothing is of greater benefit to the farmer, and it should not be a difficult matter to get a guarantee of the supply of cream from at least 400 cows. All it needs is somebody to take the initiative and the creamery could be ready for business early next spring.

×

There is no use having a pound by-law unless it is enforced. The pocket is a tender place and once it is touched hard enough the owner will learn that he had better take care of his horses, cows and pigs. Quite a number of gardens have been destroyed by cows this summer, and it is high time the law was strictly enforced without fear or favor.

Jos. E. Gould of Uxbridge, Ont., the originator of the round silo and the alligator boat, is dead.

He was having some words with her chaperone. "Ill—I'll kiss her right under your nose," he said, defiantly. "Oh, well," said the lady, "vicarious kissing like that I can see no objection to."

Officer: Excuse me, madam, there goes eight bells; it's my watch on deck. Mrs. Landsman: Well, I don't blame you for keeping your watch on deck if it strikes as loudly as that.—Harper's Weekly.

Roosevelt on Outdoor Life

I believe heartily in sport.

I believe in outdoor games, and I don't mind in the least that they are rough games or that those who take part in them are occasionally injured.

I have no sympathy with the overwrought sentimentality which would keep a young man in cotton-wool.

Any kind or outdoor sport or exercise far excels tramping about a billiard-table amid tobacco smoke and drinking.

The man of outdoors will always prove the better in life's contest.

When you play, play hard; and when you study, study hard.

But don't let your play and your sport interfere with your study.

Science & Religion

A reconciliation between the principles of science and religion is no vain thing, for are we not constantly told that the tendency of science is to destroy religion? I tell you, said the Rev. H. R. Haweis, science can never destroy religion because, when they are pushed to their extreme limits, both science and religion confess the fundamental fact on which each stands; both postulate the same hypothesis of a reality underlying all phenomena. However dark the world may be, however insoluble the problems it presents, yet the principles of historical criticism or of scientific discovery and the principles of religion can never destroy each other or be destroyed, because the passion for truth and the passion for religion both correspond to the deepest thoughts and feelings of beings, are both necessities as of fire and air to man, and are involved in the very nature of his constitution.

Winter Wheat Good

Dr. Saunders Wires Satisfactory Report to Ottawa

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 23.—Dr. Wm. Saunders, director of experimental farms, wires the department of agriculture from Calgary as follows:—

"At Lethbridge the winter wheat is all harvested and threshing is general. Crops are heavy on land well farmed. Spring grain is now being cut and will give satisfactory returns. Crops on the experimental farm are very good. I saw the crops from Lethbridge to Calgary. The winter wheat is all cut. Crops are good. Cutting of spring grain is in progress. The yield is satisfactory."

Labor Candidate

Lethbridge, Alta., Aug. 23.—The Labor men of Lethbridge are considering the nomination of a candidate for the federal elections in Medicine Hat constituency. R. P. Pettipiece, organizer of the Trades and Labor Congress, addressed a meeting last night advocating this course. Action is likely to follow.

Maxims for the Home

Do not worry.
Eat three square meals a day.
Say your prayers.
Think of your wife.
Be courteous to your creditors.
Steer clear of biliousness.
Exercise.
Don't go too fast.
Keep your subscription to the Free Press paid in advance.

Canadian Clearing House

The clearing house returns, published every week in the daily press, are a riddle to nine out of ten readers. The Monetary Times describes this modern banking institution in a clear way.

In the principal cities every bank in the country is represented by a branch or by a redemption agent, so practically everything in the way of bank notes can be cleared daily. Then every day's mail and express from the branches and correspondents brings in a large number of cheques on other banks and a number of parcels of other banks' notes. When everything has been sorted and the deposits for the other banks all prepared for sending out there will be perhaps twenty-five or more parcels. Before the clearing house was instituted these parcels had to be sent, each one to the bank it was intended for, and each other bank would have to send its deposits in exchange; after the twenty-five exchanges were effected every bank would have to settle probably twenty-four differences per day with each of the other institutions. Under the clearing house system the parcels are all sent to the clearing house or place appointed for the exchange of parcels. Each parcel will have pinned to it a ticket stating the amount of the contents and the name of the bank it is intended for. The clearing clerk sent out by the bank will bear with him a sheet containing a list of the amounts sent by his bank to the other respective banks, the name of each bank being set opposite to its amount. These are added together; the total represents the the clearing for the day. Arrived at the clearing house there will be seen a circular row of twenty-five compartments or boxes, each compartment bearing the name of a bank and giving room for one man. The clearing clerks take possession of the compartments belonging to their respective banks and the messengers or clerks sent to accompany them begin their rounds. Each one in succession calls at every compartment and delivers the parcel for that bank. As he does so with each parcel he presents the clearing sheet and takes upon the initial of the clerk receiving it. When the clerk has gone the rounds he will have divested himself of all his parcels and will have on the clearing sheet the receipt of an accredited representative of each bank.

In the meantime the clearing clerk will have been receiving the parcels delivered by each one of the other banks. When all are received he enters the amount shown by the ticket attached to each one on another sheet opposite the name of the bank from whom it was received. When all are entered the items are added and the total represents what the bank must give credit for. The difference between this and the total of its clearing sheet represents the balance it will have to pay or receive at the clearing bank.

Thus economy is effected through using the clearing house. All the exchanges are made at the central place instead of being made separately with each institution.

After the sheets are balanced and the difference or balance which each bank has to pay or receive arrived at the sheets and slips are handed to the clearing house manager and balanced. The total of the debit balances should balance with the total of the credit balances. Everything being found correct the manager signs a slip for each bank, stating the amount of the debit or credit balance it has to pay or receive and the clearing is completed.

The messengers and clerks from each bank hurry home with the parcels they have received and the clearing house sheets that contain the records of them. They are given to one of the tellers and the contents of each parcel are carefully examined to see that the amount claimed to be there is actually there. There will be in each a list of cheques and bordeaux with specification of cash. The cash is counted and the cash ticked off on the list. The ledger-keepers examine the cheques to see that the signatures are authentic, the endorsements in order, and that funds are held for them. If any item is missing; if there are any cheques in the lot for which there are not sufficient funds, or if there is a shortage in the cash of any parcel, it has to send over cash to rectify the mistake. If it does not do so the bank can, if it chooses, stop the settlement of balances at the clearing bank until its claim is satisfied. At a certain fixed time, usually from twelve o'clock to half-past twelve, the debtor banks must pay in their balances at the clearing bank. Then from half-past twelve till one o'clock, provided the clearings have not been stopped and provided all the debtor banks have duly settled their balances, the creditor banks appear and draw what is coming to them.

It will be remembered that the panic in New York was precipitated by the fact becoming known one day that the Mercantile National Bank of New York had been unable to meet its balance at the clearing house in that city. As failure to meet a balance promptly would be tantamount to a confession of inability to meet obligations all the banks are most particular to be prompt in their payments. The operation of meeting these balances furnishes a daily test of the solvency and preparedness of every bank in Canada. In the event of any bank becoming straitened for cash probably the first indications would be seen at the clearing house.

The Mess of Pottage

(Calgary Herald.)

Calgary Veterans' Association was not long in passing a resolution showing their appreciation of the 320 acre land grant offered to South African volunteers. Practically all will take the grant, the $160 scrip proposition scarcely being considered.

Ottawa veterans at last accounts were waiting for further information before they would accept the land or scrip "with thanks." No doubt to the veterans of Eastern Canada there is a certain amount of feeling that they are being forced to accept the land. There is such a large difference in the two offers that it seems to them the height of folly to accept the money scrip.

But if the majority of them would accept the land grant and come west it would not only be to their advantage but that of the country as well.

Men of the calibre of the South African volunteers are exactly the kind who are wanted to build up the West. If the Easterners would come out here, homestead 160 acres and thus acquire 480 acres, at the end of three years they would have a farm that would sell at all the way from $7,000 to $10,000.

This must be borne in mind by Eastern men. It is reported that land warrants are being sold in the East for as low as $350. In the West they are held by men who are acquainted with their value at from $1,500 to $2,000.

Speculators will use every effort to secure these land warrants at a low figure in the East, and their efforts will no doubt in many cases be successful.

Westerners who sell their land grants will see that they get full value, and many will take the splendid opportunity it affords to enter upon agricultural pursuits. Their birthright will not be disposed of in exchange for the limited amount of pottage which land speculators will be inclined to offer.

NUT COAL

We are now making a splendid grade of clean, uniform sized NUT COAL, just the thing for domestic use. Try a load of it and you will use no other.

$2.50 PER TON AT THE MINE

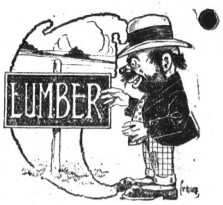
Canada West Coal Co., Limited

Established since the flood and up-to-date ever since

Depew & Veale

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

P.O. Box 262 - Taber, Alberta



DON'T TRAMP ALL OVER,

but follow the sign that leads to this yard. It is the best place we know of to buy lumber for a fence, hen-coop, barn or house.

SEASONED LUMBER,

kiln-dried, the best to be had and at lowest prices is what we offer merchant, farmer or banker. Get lumber here and your buildings will stand the ravishes of time, and will be the kind you can point to and be proud of.

Rogers-Cunningham Lumber Co., Ltd.

J. F. GLAYSHER
LOCAL MANAGER

R. A. VanOrman
CONTRACTOR, BUILDER.
All work guaranteed in every way
Estimates given on all classes of buildings

For Acre Building Lots and a limited amount of Farm Land on the

Johnson Addition,

near the Canada West Coal Co.'s Mine, Taber,

SEE,

AARON JOHNSON
OR
FRANK JOHNSON, Agent

EASY TERMS

THOS. IRVINE
GENERAL MERCHANT

Fresh, clean stock of groceries and dry goods always on hand

MINOT, ALBERTA.

Taber Meat Market

Fresh and salt meats of all kinds
Fish in season, butter, lard and fresh sausage, lamb and mutton

J. B. Jett & Co

Magazines & Papers

We are headquarters for all the leading magaxines both English and American.

We also carry a very complete line of Canadian and English Newspapers.

When you want something to read DROP IN AT

Westlake's - JEWELLRY AND STATIONERY **Store**

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1908

ALBERTA VIEWED BY AN OUTSIDER

Progress and Prosperity On All Sides

The following article, written by "Bruce," appeared in a recent issue of the Vancouver Saturday Sunset and shows how Alberta is viewed by the people of other parts of Canada:

"The welfare and progress of our big sister province the other side of the mountains is yearly becoming of greater interest to British Columbia. Alberta is our nearest market for lumber, fruit and minerals, fish and other products; while we will, undoubtedly, at no great distance of time be an outlet for a large amount of Alberta's grain production. So it is quite natural that we in this province should evince a keen interest in Alberta's crop and prospects. The tangibility of this interest may be easily ascertained by discussing the crop outlook with any business man in this city. He will unhesitatingly declare that much depends upon the northwest crop. From the beginning of the season the progress of the crop has been noted with intense interest in this province. It is understood that the success of the northwest crop will in a large measure mean the restoration of commercial activity to its recent prosperous basis, not only in British Columbia but throughout the Dominion. Alberta's crop is of peculiar interest in British Columbia, both on account of the contiguity of that province and because prosperity in it means increased demands for our natural products.

This week I travelled upwards of a thousand miles in Alberta, and what I saw and heard of the crop prospects would make an optimist of a Chinese joss. I can advise the pessimist, or the man with a defective liver, to do nothing better, than take such a trip within the next three or four weeks while the grain is ripening and being harvested. The most coldly conservative estimator of this season's crop will find words difficult to express his enthusiasm. He will hear no pessimism in Alberta. Everybody there is confident. The crop is now practically assured. Everyone is preparing to take advantage of the results on a matter of course.

These results will mean, among other things, an immense influx of desirable immigration. It is generally conceded that the crop of the West will run 120,000,000 bushels. Such a tremendous return will set the tide of immigration running stronger than it has ever done before. Nothing attracts attention to the West like a bumper crop, and this year the West is now reasonably assured of a record-breaker.

WONDERFUL WHEAT PRODUCTION.

One authority with whom I talked says the fall wheat yield in Southern Alberta will average forty-five bushels to the acre. A good deal of it, he assured me, will run fifty, fifty-five and even sixty-five bushels. Southern Alberta, it must be remembered, too, has only become known as being capable of wheat production in the last three or four years, for it was long regarded as a dry country and good only for cattle ranging. It is not so many years ago that even the C.P.R. advertised Southern Alberta as the great cattle ranging country and the northern half as a wheat growing country of great promise."

LOCALS

This is ideal harvest weather.

How many ducks did you shoot Monday?

Good general servant wanted at once. Apply to Mrs. W. H. Lang. 28-tf

Try a dish of our ice cream, it is made from pure cream. — Taber Bakery. 18-tf

The new sown fall wheat is coming along nicely and many fields are quite green.

FOR SALE—Five South African Volunteers' Land Grants. P. Whimster, Portage la Prairie. 27-5tp.

Large quantities of winter wheat are being purchased here for seed. The grain is first class and clean.

HORSES WANTED—We want to buy several good horses for mine work. Canada West Coal Co. 28-1t

Mr. T. G. Jamieson, superintendent of the Alberta-Pacific Elevator Co., is in town on a business visit in connection with his firm.

Duck season opened Monday. Quite a number of hunters from town went out to the coulees and returned not empty-handed.

E. A. Robbins has purchased two lots on Fourth Street South and will build a neat cottage. He started excavating for the cellar Monday.

Mrs. Aaron Johnson and Messrs. Willis and Frank Johnson and their families, left this week for the Kootenay lakes on a couple of weeks' outing.

Eddie Price had his left thumb amputated yesterday morning. The injuries were so great that it could not be saved. Eddie is a plucky little boy and stood the operation well.

Miss Bessie Patten returned Tuesday from a trip to Vancouver, Calgary, Laggan and Camrose, and will spend a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Bellwood, before returning to her home at Little Current, Ont.

Mr. Bowser of the Alberta-Pacific Elevator Co. arrived in town this week. Mr. Bowser has had considerable experience in the grain business and has given good satisfaction to the farmers wherever he has been.

The Medicine Hat fall exhibition will be held on Sept. 22, 23 and 24. An interesting feature of the last two days will be a race meet, when it is expected a large number of horses will take part. Good prizes are offered.

High River Times.—Gopher poison is responsible for the wholesale destruction of the prairie chicken in this locality. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the pesky gopher cannot be destroyed without exterminating the prairie chicken.

POULTRY FOR SALE.—Barred Rock, Orpington and Leghorn chickens, also a number of young turkeys, for sale. The above are all choice stock and suitable for breeding purposes. For further information apply to J. F. Johnson, Woodpecker. 28-tf

Weed Inspector J. F. Johnson is this week getting after those who have neglected to attend to the noxious weeds in their gardens throughout the town. That is right, Mr. Johnson. You deserve the support of everybody in your effort to have these weeds destroyed.

Miss McLeod of Pincher Creek is visiting friends in town this week.

The person who is too poor to take care of his cow is too poor to own one.

S. Ervine left Wednesday morning for Fernie where he intends remaining for some time.

Wm. Henry arrived last week from the state of Pennsylvania with a car of effects and stock.

Sheriff Young of Lethbridge was in town Tuesday and seized the stock belonging to Geo. Mansell for debt.

Willis Johnson of Minot has Plymouth Rock pullets, hatched March 25th last, that have already started laying. Who can beat this?

Mr. McPherson, teller in the Eastern Townships Bank, returned Tuesday morning from a trip to Winnipeg where he was assisting the inspector for a week.

Miss Violet D'Estere from Toronto arrived here this week and is the guest of Mrs. L. J. Ritchie. She will probably go west on an extended holiday tour after she has spent a few weeks in the delightful Taber district.

Bishop VanOrman of Taber was in the city to-day. He reports the crops in that district splendid. Nearly all the grain has been cut and shipments are already being made. He predicts that the acreage in that district next year will be more than doubled. The bishop says that most of the grain raised this year was spring grain.—Lethbridge Herald.

Irving Bayes arrived from Port Arthur this morning on a surprise visit to the astonishment of his many friends, including those of the Ritchie household. We understand he is travelling for a firm of biscuit manufacturers. Knowing him so well we should have thought rather that it was a baker he represented, for it is a well-known fact that he can make a loaf of bread go farther than most people. In fact, in this particular we can honestly say he takes the "biscuit."

Threshers all tell us that the grain yield this year is the best yet.

No matter how hard the financial stringency has been the farmers in the Taber district will soon be on easy street. Big crops and good prices prevail.

Every day sees more and more wheat coming into town for shipment. It will not be long before there will be a long string of waggons waiting to be unloaded at the elevators.

Mr. Wright, who has purchased the oat crop on Dr. Aikin's farm north of the river, has just finished harvesting. The oats were grown on new breaking and are an excellent sample.

The Taylor Milling Co. of Lethbridge will commence the erection of their elevator at once. The cement has arrived and stone is now being placed on the ground. The work will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

Mr. B. Smith has returned from Salt Lake City, where he had been to see his father who was very ill. All will be pleased to learn that he is now recovering nicely. Mr. Smith tells us that the crops are fine in the south country and that the fruit crop is simply immense.

The Palace Hotel Co. is getting out tenders for the brick veneering of the hotel. W. A. Aubin left for Calgary last night to purchase brick, and as soon as the brick arrives work will start. The magnificent bar fixtures, already ordered, will soon be here and in position. It is the intention of the company to finish and equip the hotel in first-class style.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Burbank and daughter, Mrs. A. H. VanOrman, who have been visiting Bishop and Mrs. R. A. VanOrman and other friends, left for their home at Bennington, Idaho, Tuesday morning. We understand Mr. and Mrs. A. H. VanOrman purpose taking up their residence in Taber in the near future. Bishop R. A. VanOrman accompanied them as far as Lethbridge.

Miss Potts left Tuesday for Coaldale where she will take charge of the new school.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and family desire to thank all kind friends for their very kind help and practical sympathy during their recent sad and sudden bereavement.

Jos. Shorthouse, who has been machine boss at the Canada West Coal Co.'s mine, has severed his connection with the company and left Wednesday morning for Lowmoor, Virginia, where he will fill the position of pit boss under Charles Dixon, late superintendent of the Canada West mine, but now manager of the Lowmoor Iron & Coal Co. All will wish Mr. Shorthouse every success. His family will remain here for a time.

J. E. Osborne, superintendent of the Alberta Land & Improvement Co., tells us he has 320 acres of winter wheat which is now all up. He has just finished threshing his oats, which were sowed on late spring breaking, and they yield 40 bushels to the acre. The company have five sections of land fourteen miles south of Taber. They were late getting started breaking with their steam ploughing outfit last spring or they would have had more under crop. It is the intention of the company to get the whole five sections under cultivation as quickly as possible.

Our attention has been drawn to a new attachment for a plow which we believe to be one of the greatest time and labor savers we have seen yet. We refer to the rotary harrow attachment which will fit on any plow. It is an attachment that is well worth inspection. To do the plowing and harrowing at once means time and money to the farmer, and more than that it leaves the soil in the finest condition to preserve the moisture. The attachment may be seen at the warerooms of the Reliance Trading Co. and the manager, Mr. Leonard, will be only too pleased to show and explain it to you.

Church Services.

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—Sunday school at 10 a.m. every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p.m. Sunday evening service at 8 p.m.——Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p.m.

St. Theodore Church.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evening Prayer, 7.30 p.m.; Holy Communion, 11 a.m. first Sunin each month and 8.30 a.m. on third Sunday in the month.

Knox Church—Morning service at 11 a.m., followed by Sunday School and Bible Class. Evening service, 7.30. Wednesday Congregational Prayer Meeting, 8 p.m

Alberta Fair Dates

Leduc, Sept. 15.
Olds, Sept. 15-16.
Raymond, Sept. 15-16.
Didsbury, Sept. 17.
Magrath, Sept. 17-18.
Irvine, Sept. 22.
Medicine Hat, Sept. 22-23-24.
Cardston, Sept. 24-25.
High River, Sept. 28-29.
Pincher Creek, Sept. 30.
St. Albert, Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
Stettler, Oct. 1-2.
Nanton, Oct. 1-2.
Vegreville, Oct. 6-7.
Vermillion, Oct. 6-7.
Lacombe, Oct. 6-7.
Edmonton, Oct. 6-7-8.
Ponoka, Oct. 7-8.
Innisfail, Oct. 8-9.
Innisfree, Oct. 8-9.
Viking, Oct. 13-14.
Manville, Oct. 14.
Priddis, Oct. 16.

Teacher: If you are kind and polite to your playmates, what will be the result. Scholar: They'll think they can lick me.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Campbell & Anderson
MEN'S WEAR SPECIALISTS



We are handling the CAMPBELL CLOTHING CO.'S Suits and Overcoats this season again BECAUSE there is no better made.

Our New Styles and Fabrics for Fall and Winter are now ready, and we are prepared to take your orders for Suits and Overcoats MADE TO MEASURE with the distinct understanding that you must be perfectly satisfied with the garments or you don't take them.

Those who know this make of Clothing don't have to be told and those who don't will be easily convinced by a trial.

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News in Brief

:o:

The World's News Boiled Down for Busy Readers

Telephones in Maple Creek, Sask., cost $2 per month.

—o—

The new post office at Medicine Hat will be occupied on Sept. 8th.

—o—

A gas well flowing a million feet in 24 hours was struck at Innerkip, Ontario.

—o—

R. Porter, city engineer, with a force of men is making a complete new survey of the city of Fernie and laying out the streets properly.

Herbert Forester of Tantallon, Sask., was run over by freight cars instantly killed Friday morning.

—o—

Calgary people are in high spirits these days, due to the fact that gas has been struck. They are now down about 600 feet and have a good flow.

—o—

A. L. Winger, assistant manager of the North Dakota Liquor Institute, of Grand Forks, is in Calgary and is completing arrangements to open an institute for the cure of the liquor and drug habit.

—o—

The newly organized Sunny Belt Grain and Elevator Co. have purchased the elevators at Cardston, Raley and Coaldale. They will build other elevators shortly. The company is composed of Minneapolis and Winnipeg capitalists.

A Rock In The Baltic.

By ROBERT BARR,

Author of "The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont," "Tekla," "In the Midst of Alarms," "Speculations of John Steele," "The Victors," Etc.

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(Continued)

CHAPTER XVII.

IN this position Jack slept off and on, or, rather, dozed into a kind of semistupor from which he awoke with a start now and then, as he thought he heard again the mingled cries of devotion and malediction. At last he slept soundly and awoke refreshed, but hungry. The loaf lay beside him, and with his knife he cut a slice from it, munching the coarse bread with more of relish than he had thought possible when he first saw it. Then he took out another cigarette, struck a match, looked at his watch and lit the cigarette. It was ten minutes past 2. He wondered if a night had intervened, but thought it unlikely. He had landed very early in the morning, and now it was afternoon. He was fearfully thirsty, but could not bring himself to drink from that stream of death. Once more he heard the bolts shot back.

"They are going to throw the poor wretches into the sea," he muttered. But the yellow gleam of a lantern showed him it was his own door that had been unlocked.

"You are to see the governor," said the jailer gruffly. "Come with me."

Jack sprang to the floor of his cell, repressing a cry of delight. Nothing the grim governor could do to him would make his situation any worse, and perhaps his persuasive powers upon that official might result in some amelioration of his position. In any case there was the brief respite of the interview, and he would gladly have chummed with the devil himself to be free a few moments from this black pit.

Although the outside door of the governor's room stood open, the room was not as well illumined as it had been before, for the sun had now gone round to the other side of the island, but to the prisoner's aching eyes it seemed a chamber of refulgence. The same lamp was burning on the table, giving forth an odor of bad oil, but in addition to this two candles were lighted, which supplemented in some slight measure the efforts of the lamp. At the end of the table lay a number of documents under a paperweight, arranged with the neat precision of a methodical man. The governor had been warming his hands over the brazier, but ceased when Lermontoff was brought up standing before him. He lifted the paperweight, took from under it the two letters which Lermontoff had given to the steward on the steamer and handed them to the prisoner, who thus received them back for the second time.

"I wish to say," remarked the governor, with an air of bored indifference which was evidently quite genuine, "that if you make any further attempt to communicate with the authorities or with friends you will bring on yourself punishment which will be unpleasant."

"As a subject of the czar I have the right to appeal to him," said the prince.

"The appeal you have written here," replied the governor, "would have proved useless even if it had been delivered. The czar knows nothing of the Trogzmondoff, which is a stronghold entirely under the control of the grand dukes and of the navy. The Trogzmondoff never gives up a prisoner."

"Then I am here for a lifetime?"

"Yes," rejoined the governor, with frigid calmness, "and if you give me no trouble you will save yourself some inconvenience."

"Do you speak French?" asked the prince.

"Net."

"English?"

"Net."

"Italian?"

"Net."

"German?"

"Da."

"Then," continued Lermontoff in German, "I desire to say a few words to you which I don't wish this jailer to understand. I am Prince Ivan Lermontoff, a personal friend of the czar's, who, after all, is master of the grand dukes and the navy also. If you will help to put me into communication with him, I will guarantee that no harm comes to you and, furthermore, will make you a rich man."

The governor slowly shook his head.

"What you ask is impossible. Riches are nothing to me. Bribery may do much in other parts of the empire, but it is powerless in the Trogzmondoff. I shall die in the room adjoining this, as my predecessor died. I am quite as much a prisoner in the Trogzmondoff as is your highness. No man who has once set foot in this room either as governor, employee or prisoner is allowed to see the mainland again, and thus the secret has been well kept. We have had many prisoners of equal rank with your highness, friends of the czar, too, I dare say, but they all died on the rock and were buried in the Baltic."

"May I not be permitted to receive certain supplies if I pay for them? That is allowed in other prisons."

The governor shook his head.

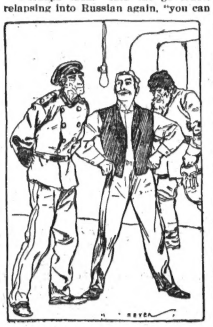
"I can let you have a blanket," he said, "and a pillow or a sheepskin if you find it cold at first, but my power here is very limited, and, as I tell you, the officers have little more comfort than the prisoners."

"Oh, I don't care anything about comfort," protested Lermontoff. "What I want is some scientific apparatus. I am a student of science. I have nothing to do with politics and have never been implicated in any plot. Some one in authority has made a stupid mistake, and so I am here. This mistake I am quite certain will be discovered and remedied. I hold no malice and will say nothing of the place once I am free. It is no business of mine. But I do not wish to have the intervening time wasted. I should like to buy some electrical machinery and materials, for which I am willing to pay any price that is asked."

"Do you understand electricity?" questioned the governor, and for the first time his impassive face showed a glimmer of interest.

"Do I understand electricity? Why, for over a year I have been chief electrician on a warship."

"Perhaps then," said the governor, relapsing into Russian again, "you can



"Providence took pity on you and ordered me to strike a light."

tell me what is wrong with our dynamo here in the rock. After repeated requisition they sent machinery for lighting our offices and passages with electricity. They apparently did not care to send an electrician to the Trogzmondoff, but forwarded instead some books of instruction. I have been working at it for two years and a half, but I am still using oil lamps and candles. We wired the place without difficulty." He held up the candle and showed, depending from the ceiling, a chandelier of electric lamps which Lermontoff had not hitherto noticed, various brackets and one or two stand lamps in a corner, with green silk covered wire attached.

"May I see your dynamo?" asked Lermontoff.

The governor, with one final warming of his hands, took up a candle, told the jailer to remove the shade from the lamp and bring it, led the way along a passage and then into a room where the prisoner, on first entering, had heard the roar of water.

"What's this you have, a turbine? Does it give you any power?"

"Oh, it gives power enough," said the governor.

"Let's see how you turn on the stream."

The governor set the turbine at work, and the dynamo began to hum, a sound which to the educated ear of Lermontoff told him several things.

"That's all right, governor; turn it off. This is a somewhat old fashioned dynamo, but it ought to give you all the light you can use. You must be a natural born electrician, or you never could have got this machinery working as well as it does."

The dull eyes of the governor glowed for one brief moment, then resumed their customary expression of saddened tiredness.

"Now," said Jack, throwing off his coat, "I want a wrench, screwdriver, hammer and a pair of pinchers if you have got them."

"Here is the tool chest," said the governor, and Jack found all he needed. Bidding the governor hold the candle here, there and elsewhere and ordering the jailer about as if he were an apprentice, Jack set energetically to work, and for half an hour no one spoke.

"Turn on that water again," he commanded.

The governor did so, and the machine whirred with quite a different note. Half a dozen electric lamps in the room loaded the place with a dazzling white glow.

"There you are," cried Jack, rubbing the oil off his hands on a piece of coarse sacking. "Now, Tommy, put these things back in the tool chest," he said to the jailer. Then to the governor: "Let's see how things look in the big room."

The passage was lit, and the governor's room showed every mark on wall, ceiling and floor.

"I told you, governor," said Jack with a laugh, "that I didn't know why I was sent here, but now I understand. Providence took pity on you and ordered me to strike a light."

At that moment the jailer entered with his jingling keys, and the enthusiastic expression faded from the governor's face, leaving it once more coldly impassive, but he spoke in German instead of Russian.

"I am very much indebted to your highness, and it grieves me that our relationship remains unchanged."

"Oh, that's all right," cried Lermontoff breezily. "If it is within your power to allow me to come and give you some lessons in electricity and the care of dynamos, I shall be very glad to do so."

To this offer the governor made no reply, but he went on still in German:

"I shall transfer you to cell No. 1, which is not only more comfortable, but the water there is pure. Did you say you spoke English?"

"Yes; quite as well as I do Russian."

The governor continued, with, nevertheless, a little hesitation, "On the return of the steamer there will be an English prisoner. I will give him cell No. 2, and if you don't talk so loud that the jailer hears you it may perhaps make the day less wearisome."

"You are very kind," said Jack, rigidly suppressing any trace of either emotion or interest as he heard the intelligence, leaping at once to certain conclusions nevertheless. "I shan't ask for anything more, much as I should like to mention candles, matches and tobacco."

"It is possible you may find all three in No. 1 before this time tomorrow." Then in Russian the governor said to the jailer:

"See if No. 1 is ready."

The jailer departed, and the governor, throwing open a drawer in his table, took out two candles, a box of matches and a packet of cigarettes.

"Put these in your pocket," he said. "The cell door opens very slowly, so you will always know when the jailer is coming. In that case blow out your light and conceal your candle. It will last the longer."

The jailer returned.

"The cell is ready, excellency," he said.

"Take away the prisoner," commanded the governor gruffly.

(To be Continued.)

A NOISY CONVENTION.

One In Which Comanches and Panthers Were Outshrieked.

The noisiest, the jolliest, the most exciting and perhaps least logical campaign was that of 1840. William Henry Harrison, hero of an Indian victory at Tippecanoe, a plain old man who had lived, his opponents sneeringly said, in a log cabin decorated with coonskins and had drunk hard cider was selected by Thurlow Weed as a better candidate than Henry Clay. The issues between Van Buren, the Democratic candidate, and Harrison were not clearly drawn, but the adventitious circumstances of Harrison's early life were skillfully utilized for theatrical effects. Processions miles long with log cabins, cider barrels and coonskin caps on poles stretched from state to state. Glee clubs were a feature of the campaign, and the Indian fighter was fairly sung into office.

In the convention of 1860 began the modern custom of cheering and counter cheering. The Seward contingent gave a parade the day of the convention. While they were marching Lincoln supporters filled the Wigwam. With the naming of the candidates began the cheering. Murat Halstead said that when Seward was nominated and seconded "the shouting was absolutely frantic, shrill and wild. Comanches or panthers never struck a higher note or gave screams with more infernal intensity. Looking from the stage over the vast amphitheatre, nothing was to be seen below but thousands of hats—a black, mighty swarm of hats flying with the velocity of hornets over a mass of human heads most of the mouths of which were open."

But when Lincoln's nomination was seconded the west was heard from. "I thought the Seward yell could not be surpassed," said Halstead, "but the Lincoln boys were clearly ahead and feeling their victory as there was a lull in the storm, took deep breaths all around and gave a scream that was positively awful and accompanied it with stamping that made every plank and pillar in the building quiver."

On the third ballot Lincoln was nominated. The shouting was so deafening that the cannon which was discharged on the roof of the building could not be heard inside. — Chicago Record-Herald.

CRAWLED THREE MILES.

Wonderful Pluck of Injured Man on Mountainside In Wales.

After the terrible experience of spending two nights on the side of a mountain in the Snowdonian range, with a broken leg, a young German musician named Hahn, lies in a weak condition at Penygwryd Hotel.

Dr. Hahn, who hails from Berlin, left the Penygwryd Hotel, Llanberis, on a recent Sunday, saying he intended to climb one of the heights in the vicinity, but he did not inform anybody as to the place he meant to reach, and failed to engage a guide.

He did not return that night, and his absence did not attract a great deal of notice; but as he did not put in an appearance on the following day a search party was formed, and on Tuesday morning the missing man was found in a state of extreme exhaustion.

Dr. Hahn told a wonderful story of pluck and resource. "I scaled the mountain for a considerable distance," he said, "when I lost my way in a dense fog, and to make matters worse an unlucky fall on the rugged path fractured my leg. I then became unconscious—for how long I do not know—and I remained on the mountainside numb with cold and blinded by the mist.

"Some sheep drew around me curiously, and for two nights and a day they were my sole companions.

"I thought I would make an attempt somehow to descend. I had a stout stick with me, and I broke it up into three pieces. I used two of them as splints for my fractured leg, and then I began my descent. But I was like a dead weight, and was compelled to stop and rest close to a huge chasm where one of the searchers saw me waving my handkerchief.

"I had only a few bars of chocolate to sustain me during my pilgrimage."

Altogether Herr Hahn must have crawled over three miles.

A HOUSE OF MARVELS.

The Most Perfect Electrically Equipped Kitchen In the World.

"One day last summer," says Edith S. Lee in Good Housekeeping, "I took a train from Paris to see a certain M. Georgia Knap, which gentleman has one of the most perfect electrically equipped houses in the world. All the inventions are patented by the owner. After inspecting the remarkable housekeeping contrivances in the upper stories of the Villa Feria Electra with the host I descended into the basement and there saw one of the most complete installations for housekeeping that it is possible to imagine. On the range were various electric appliances with incandescent lamps and reflectors. Suppose you wish to cook some eggs. No need at M. Knap's to boil them in water. You put them in a special oven, and when they are cooked at the end of two or three minutes the current is off and a bell rings to inform you that they are ready. If you are going to have roast fowl for dinner, you put it on the spit, turn on the current and leave it to cook by itself without troubling yourself in the least until the bell rings, in half an hour's time or so, when you will find that it has been well basted by means of a special apparatus and that it is done to a turn. The timing machine in connection with the electric current is simply an ordinary alarm clock transformed. Knowing that it requires so long for this or that article of food to cook, you merely have to set the machine to 'go off' at a correct time and are then free to occupy yourself with other duties.

"In another corner of this up to date kitchen and on a circular table I no-



VILLA FERIA ELECTRA, THE HOUSE OF MARVELS.

ticed a number of useful household machines, all worked by electricity, the motor being a tenth of a horsepower, with a flexible cardin attachable to any of the apparatus. These consisted of a little churn for making fresh butter, a mincing machine, a coffee grinder, a whisk for making mayonnaise sauce, another for preparing whipped cream, a knife polisher and a pastry mixer. Here again you can set the machinery in motion and attend to other duties while the work is being performed. Dirty dishes and plates are also washed, rinsed and dried by electricity at the Villa Feria Electra and in so short a time as thirty seconds. Clothes are likewise cleansed by washers turned by a tenth of a horsepower."

Ironing the Frills.

More than one girl is denying herself the possession of Marie Antoinette frills on her shirt waists, collars and cuffs because of the exigencies of ironing them. A skilled laundress can turn them out prettily as the first estate, but the average home washer and ironer makes a poor job of it, besides the cluttering of her time with the extra work. A trim girl at a smart neckwear counter divulged the secret of her own prettily crimped collar ruffle.

She washed and ironed it herself, first the ruffle, then the collar. Then she took a small curling tongs and fluted the ruffle with it. The tongs is the smallest size to be had. The large ones are of no use out of their legitimate office. Ruffled shirt waist plaits can be treated in the same manner. When they are knife plaited the best way is to baste the little plaits in place with two rows of stitches before the piece is washed. Then iron them first on the wrong side to press them into shape. When this is done draw out the bastings and iron on the right side. After all this the edge will need picking out with the fingers if it is finished with lace.

For the Hostess.

In making the coffee at the table remember there is a right and wrong way of making and serving coffee. Have the coffee machine and teakettle on the table. Both should be placed on the tray at the foot of the table before the hostess, the teakettle at the head of the plate and the coffeepot at the right of the plate. Fill the under part of the coffeepot with boiling water, put the necessary amount of coffee in the glass top and properly adjust it. Light the alcohol burner beneath and the coffee will be prepared in a few minutes. There are methods for making this by electricity, though the above method is more in use. Serve the coffee black, with miniature pitchers filled with cream, topped with whipped cream.

Cretonne on Parasols.

Cretonne is very popular this season for evening coats and vests as an applique, and now cretonne parasols are prescribed for morning wear. The design must, of course, be reasonably small, and the only decoration is the heavy cotton fringe around the border. Of course the handles on such a very serviceable sunshade would be of the plainest wood, leaving the more elaborate sticks for more dressy parasols.

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY.

Inventions Have Revolutionized Life During the Century.

Social reformers who want society organized on the communal plan start with a most attractive idea. The world is tending toward democracy, the equal rights of everybody in everything there is for human comfort and welfare. But it is certain to occur to many people that the change from private ownership to communal ownership would not make a very radical difference in the distribution of the good things of life, yet it might lessen the production of things, and in the end the mass would not be the gainer. For at least a century democracy has had a fair swing and progress has been made under sharp private competition. Under the reign of competition the distribution has grown wider and wider, and now, when competition is fiercest, the distribution is the most liberal in the history of the modern world. Everybody shares in about everything that is of real importance in life.

Steam power was a wonder worker when applied to commercial activities. Electricity supplements steam as a power and also furnishes illumination. There are few people in this country to-day who are not benefited by steam or electricity, or both. Yet no community invented these forces. Individuals wrought out the wonders. The nobleman and lord of ancient days had at command no such agents of power as the laboring man has to-day. A hundred years ago musical instruments were the property of the few. To-day almost every cottage has one or more musical instruments. The phonograph gives to the humblest toiler to-day what a lord of the past could not buy or had even by pawning his realm. The communal plan would make the phonograph the property of everybody—that is, if there should be a phonograph when the distribution takes place. Perhaps there would be none, and none of the various inventions which contribute so much to the world's progress and comfort. Inventors' royalty is about all that stands in the way of making the phonograph and other like inventions as cheap and common as the advocates of communal ownership think they should be. But if Edison, for instance, were to offer to forego his immense royalties, provided his physical burdens should be shared pro rata by every user of his inventions, would the public take him up? Here is the idea in a nutshell. Things that count in our lives are cheap considering what it has cost somebody to produce them.

Money doesn't stay with the individual now as it once did, perhaps. The reason is that many will purchase so much that is worth having for the work it will do. Formerly all kinds of machines, all kinds of books, of pictures, of works of art, were rare and expensive, only the fortunate few could have them. Now these things are common, they are cheap, and almost everybody has all they need and more. Mr. P. Morgan gets no more delight looking at a picture which costs him a fortune than does the man who buys a reproduction of it for a dollar or two, maybe less. Morgan owns it, of course—owns its fictitious value—but may never see it more than half a dozen times in his life, for he doesn't live in his picture galleries. The other owner sees his copy every day, if he wants to, and is the possessor of whatever real value there is in the picture.

After all, there may be a fallacy in this idea that a distribution of ownership will increase happiness. The wider distribution of things, the infinite multiplication of rare and good things, bringing them within the reach of the purses of the mass, has already revolutionized life within a century. The end of this process of multiplication and distribution is not in sight, and it may reasonably be questioned whether the competitive system is, as some contend, inadequate to give everybody a square deal in everything necessary to human happiness.

Old Drury Lane Clown.

Memories of Drury Lane pantomime in the days of Falconer and Chatterton and Lydia Thompson are revived by the death of Delevanti the famous clown at the age of 83. Delevanti, whose real name was John Walter Bowden, last appeared at Drury Lane so long ago as 1864. He toured France and Spain with his own circus in the days before there were railways, and was a favorite at the Alhambra. Of late years he had lived with one of his daughters at Vassall Road, Brixton. A number of the old man's descendants are connected with the music hall stage. One daughter, Nadji, is an acrobat, and another, Mrs. Sarah Whiteley, is the wife of an acrobat, while the "Five Whiteleys" are his grandchildren. His death was the outcome of an accident in Kennington.

Looking For the Fifth.

The leading lady passed down the avenue, and her speckled bull pup.

"That's the star," whispered the sweet singer.

"Star, eh?" laughed the low comedian. "Then I'd call her Jupiter. She has had four moons."

"Four moons?"

"Yes, honeymoons."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

At the Circus.

"Why," exclaimed the center pole to the tight rope, "you fellow walks on you just as easy as can be; seems to come natural to him."

"Well," replied the tight rope, "it doesn't come any more natural to him than to me. We both have to be taut."—Philadelphia Press.

Too Swift For Him.

Mrs. Stubb — Gracious, John! We never will get through with this housecleaning. Why, you have only moved five pictures in the last fifteen minutes.

Mr. Stubb—Well, great Pluto, Maria, I'm no moving picture machine! — Pittsburg Post.

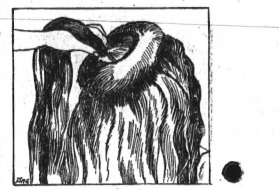
COIFFURE MODELS.

Becoming Ways of Arranging Hair For the Evening.

LOTS OF HAIR REQUIRED.

Big Hats Must Be Filled Out With Puffs and Coronet Braids—"Crown Lock," Around Which the "Rat" Is Carefully and Firmly Adjusted.

When evening dress is worn it is sometimes becoming to wear the hair high on the head. Two pretty styles are shown in the illustration, one being arranged with the aid of a soft, waved transformation and the other with a pompadour "rat" that encircles



ADJUSTING THE "RAT."

the head. The hats of the present season require a great deal of hair, and unless one has a quantity of her own it is usually necessary to add some puffs and sometimes a coronet braid. The puffs are easily arranged to fill in where the conformation of the hat requires it.

In both styles here shown the hair is divided to leave a "crown lock" at the center, and this is securely tied, after which the rat or transformation is adjusted, and the hair is separated in several strands and drawn loosely over it, after being waved, to give a soft frame for the face.

There need be no hesitation in wearing a rat or transformation, for it is very light in weight and does not heat the head or have a bad effect on the natural hair. It is much better to wear such a support than to rough the hair underneath, as this method breaks it and is very injurious.

Both the modes of hairdressing shown in the illustrations are suitable for women of all ages and lend themselves effectively in decoration with



MAKING THE PUFFS.

combs, pins, barettes, etc. Ribbon interwoven with the coil and terminated in a smart bow at the front or at one side is a very popular form of ornamentation.—Delineator.

At Dinner.

The head of the house is an important person at a dinner party. His name must be mentioned in the invitations, whether they are formal or friendly in tone, and he must exert himself to the best of his power to make everything go well.

He usually tells the gentlemen whom they are to take in to dinner, having a paper in his pocket with the names written on for fear he should make a mistake. This is sometimes done by the hostess, but the host should save her the trouble if possible.

He has to lead the way in to dinner, escorting the lady highest in rank.

He places her on his right hand, the lady second in rank sitting at his left. He should not seat himself at the table until every one is settled, but should stand in his proper place till he is sure that every one is seated.

After dinner he should open the door for the ladies unless the man nearest it does it at once.

The men generally draw up near the host after the ladies have left, and he must see to the passing of the wine. When the ladies take their leave it is the business of the host to see them off, and this is his place at every entertainment, afternoon and evening.—"Etiquette Up to Date."

Salt Water Prevents Colds.

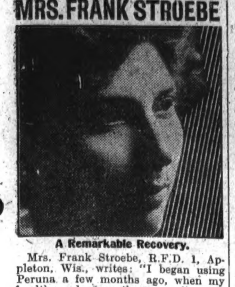
A famous New York throat specialist declares that if the nose and throat were kept perfectly cleared out there would be little danger of bronchitis, consumption and catarrh and other diseases would be averted.

He advises a douche and gargle of weak salt water twice a day; also rinsing the mouth with clear water after eating to remove all food particles.

A teaspoonful of common sea salt to a pint of water is quite strong enough. Care must be taken in snuffing it into the nose not to let it run into the ears, as there is danger to the eustachian tubes.

Those who take a nasal douche will find it can be conveniently and safely done with an oval glass with a nozzle at one end and an inlet on the top to control the flow of the spray.

MRS. FRANK STROEBE



A Remarkable Recovery.

Mrs. Frank Stroebe, R.F.D. 1, Appleton, Wis., writes: "I began using Peruna a few months ago, when my health and strength were all gone, and I was nothing but a nervous wreck, could not sleep, eat or rest properly, and felt no desire to live. Peruna made me look at life in a different light, as I began to regain my lost strength.

"I certainly think Perhna is without a rival as a tonic and strength builder."

Présence of Mind.

General Funston, at a dinner in San Francisco, cited an example of great presence of mind.

"In the neight of the disorder here" he said, "a mob was looting a big grocery when a band of soldiers arrived on the scene.

"One thief had seized two hams, and was about to make off with one under each arm, when he ran plump into an officer.

"Placing the hams in the officer's arms, he said peremptorily:—

"'Take care of these, my man, or the first thing you know, they will be stolen'."

Clean Stomach, Clear Mind.— The stomach is the workshop of the vital functions and when it gets out of order the whole system clogs in sympathy. The spirits flag, the mind droops and work becomes impossible. The first care should be to restore healthful action of the stomach and the best preparation for that purpose is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.

The teacher of a certain school received the following note explaining the absence of one of her pupils the day before.

"Please excoose Henny for absents yesterday. Him an' me got a chance of a ride to a funeral in a charrige an' I let him stay to home as he had never rode in a charrige an' never went to a funeral, nor had many other pleasures, so plese excooze." Sacred Heart Review.

State of Ohio, City of Tole o, } ss:
Lucas County,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON. (Seal.) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Parson—I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for throwing that brick at you.

The Patient—Mebbe yer riv'rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi get well and thin pray for Casey.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Effie, on her first visit to the country, saw a number of chickens from the front porch of a farm house. The child watched the fowls for some time as they industriously scratched around. Finally she turned and ran to her mother.

"Oh, mother," she said, excitedly, "come out on the porch and see the chickens wiping their feet on the grass."—Harper's Weekly.

TREATMENT OF BARBER'S ITCH

IS SIMPLE— DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT CURES IT.

It matters not where you get barber's itch, Dr. Chase's Ointment cures. No one need to be afraid of this unpleasant skin disease if Dr. Chase's Ointment is rubbed in well after shaving, because it stops the itching, heals and cures small sores and pimples, which are the places where it commences. The experience of Mr. Chas. A. Duxbury, engineer in Perry's tannery, Meaford, Ont., with Dr. Chase's Ointment is convincing. He states: "While out in the Northwest I caught barber's itch, and though probably not a dangerous disease, anyone who has had it will admit that it is not at all pleasant. It began on my neck below the skin, and spread until I became alarmed. It itched so bad that I had to scratch it, and that only made it worse.

"A friend of mine told me to use Dr. Chase's Ointment and I did so. The application of this ointment gave prompt relief to the itching and it was not many weeks until I was entirely freed of this annoying ailment. I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has an unparalleled record of cures; 60c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

TIME AT THE POLES.

It Is Practically Any Hour of the Day You Please.

Those who are conversant with the use of globes know that all the meridians of longitude starting from the equator converge toward and meet at the poles. They know, too, that longitude signifies time and that difference of longitude is difference in time. They know very well that when it is noon in London it is about 7 o'clock in the morning in Boston, and that when it is noon in San Francisco it is about a quarter past 3 in the afternoon in New York.

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Thus there is an entire absence of time at the pole. But it would be just as correct to say that it is a place where there is a preponderance of time, for it is practically any time of day during the whole twenty-four hours or, indeed, through the year. In fact, a resident at the north pole could make it any time of day he might choose to select, with the consciousness that it would be the right time.

A POET'S DIET.

Byron's Strenuous Efforts to Keep Himself From Getting Fat.

"You mention Browning's idea that starvation was the cure for all the ills of the flesh—his own, at any rate," says a correspondent. "Browning was not the only poet with peculiar views on the subject. One of Byron's chief fears was that of becoming fat, and to avoid it he often resorted to extraordinary systems of diet. At Athens he lived mainly on rice and vinegar and water. Later he confined himself to six biscuits a day and tea. In 1816 he had so restricted his diet that he was obliged to keep down hunger by chewing mastic and tobacco. 'Don Juan' was 'written on gin and water.'"

Byron, it has been pointed out, was one of those foredoomed by their constitutions to fatness in middle life, whether they eat much or little, and his victory over nature in this respect —for he succeeded in reducing himself by these violent methods—has been quoted as one of the most remarkable achievements of the human will, considering all the circumstances. It must have been bitter to him to see such a man as Beau Brummel, who ate and drank freely and took no exercise, retaining without an effort all the elegance of figure that was his greatest gift. No wonder Byron's was the poetry of gloom.—London News.

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Tea Table Etiquette.

A hundred years or more ago there was a quaint tea table etiquette. It was considered a lack of courtesy to take much cream or sugar in one's tea. Etiquette demanded that the tea should be tasted from the spoon and that the hostess should then inquire, "Is your tea agreeable?" Modern women would be shocked by a fashionable lady of those days who cooled her tea with her breath, yet Young wrote of a certain bewildering Lady Betty:

Her two red lips affected sephyrs blow
To cool the Bohea and inflame the beau.
While one white finger and a thumb conspire
To lift the cup and make the world admire.

A City and Its Press.

In some respects a modern city resembles a vast commercial house. In commerce advertisement is the secret of success, and the most successful coadjutors of the municipality in the development and puffing of a capital are the newspapers. And here Berlin is lacking. Her press is on a hopelessly low level, impoverished, without enterprise, under the thumb of the authorities. In Londod, New York and Paris the press has a voice in the running of the city.—London Outlook.

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"Darling," said a young husband, "what would you do if I should die? Tell me!"

"Please don't suggest such a thing," was the reply. "I can't bear the thought of a stepfather for our little boy!"

Unselfish.

She—George, is that one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday?

He—No; I'm saving those for my friends. She—You dear, self sacrificing, unselfish man!

When a man borrows trouble, the interest eats up the principal.—Kansas City Star.

DON'T GIGGLE, GIRLS.

Nothing More Infectious and Charming Than a Good Laugh.

If half the girls knew how silly they looked and sounded when they constantly giggled they would stop it.

Learn to smile, not giggle.

Nothing is more infectious and charming than a good laugh, but very few people know how to laugh. It is as rare in life as it is on the stage.

A giggle usually comes from nervousness. A girl will giggle when she cannot think of anything to say or when she is trying to be at ease in company.

She will giggle when a boy meets her and says "Good morning." She will giggle when he says "Goodby." She is only nervous, but she appears silly.

It is no wonder that young men speak with utter scorn of the giggling girl. They seem to think her the least attractive maiden on earth. It is trying to attempt to hold any kind of conversation with a girl who will punctuate her every remark with giggles.

It is not always possible to know at first thought whether or not you are one of the girls who giggle. Stop and think about it. Watch yourself the next time you are with any one. See whether this senseless trick is a part of your social equipment. If it is, take any heroic means to strangle that giggle until it is dead.

Far better be silent. You may then get the credit for wisdom that you have not got. Better than all, if you don't know how to give a cheery, musical, spontaneous laugh, then try your best to learn how to smile.

Do not let yourself give a weary smile, for that is the result of effort and self consciousness, but anything is better than a silly giggle.

TO TEST MATERIALS.

Distinguishing Pure Linen From Counterfeit Is Easy.

Of the goods sold as "all wool" there is not one-tenth that is genuine. Generally the main component is cotton.

The test for this is simple. All that is necessary is to pull out a few threads and apply a lighted match. Cotton will go off in a blaze; wool will shrivel up.

To distinguish pure linen from counterfeit is even easier. The intended buyer need but wet her finger and apply it to the goods. If they are pure linen, the moisture will pass straight through; the spot touched will be soaked at once, and almost immediately one side will be as wet as the other.

Frauds are more numerous in silk than in any other fabric, but here also the material of adulteration is cotton. Its presence can readily be discovered. Draw a few threads out. The pieces of cotton will snap off short when pulled, while the silk will stretch and permit a considerable pull before breaking.

The boasted silk of our grandmothers that "stood by itself" is not necessarily the best. Modern ingenuity has devised means of giving the poorest article the body requisite for this purpose.

Shellac and other sticky substances mixed through the fabric will produce as stiff a silk as ever graced the wardrobe of our ancestors. Such stuff is quite worthless, however, as it quickly rots.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

When a finger has been pinched, if it is at once immersed in boiling water the inflammation will be quickly allayed.

When a child is restless from teething it can often be quieted by giving it a warm bath. The water should be as hot as can be endured without burning. Do not allow the child to stay in the bath long or weakness will follow.

Tears have their use, apart from the crying aspect, inasmuch as they refresh and wash the eyes of animals and birds that live exposed to the dust. The eye requires to be kept clear and clean, and tears perform this duty. A striking example of this is shown when the eye is hurt. It at once commences to water, and often this natural method of cleansing relieves the pain and removes the cause of the discomfort.

The Toilet Table.

It is impossible to dress to look one's best unless the toilet table has a brilliant light above it.

It is mortifying to pass from a dim bedroom to a well lighted theater or a friend's house and to discover small wisps of straying hair and errors about one's attire which entirely escaped attention in the semidarkness at home.

A clever woman has her bedroom most cunningly lighted so that by means of another mirror opposite that on her dressing table she can see herself in every position.

This is one reason why she is rarely seen with "yawning" between bodice and skirt, glimpses at petticoats through plackets and the back of collar badly adjusted.

Summer Candle Shades.

Nothing is daintier for the dining table, especially in the summer, if artificial light be needed, than the candle. It is a simple matter to make pretty shades at a small cost.

Buy the wire frames and make close fitting covers of linen colored ponges, stenciling on the four sides conventional designs.

Another pretty affair is a shade of white linen, also fitted to the wire frame and finished at the bottom with a frill of narrow valenciennes lace. To make the linen shades more elaborate a little hand embroidery may be added.

Shades made along these general lines have the added value of being easily laundered.

HUSBAND AND SON CURED

A Mother's Praise of Zam-Buk.

Oakwood, Victoria.

Dear Sirs,—I have great pleasure in stating that Zam-Buk cured my husband of barber's rash with twice rubbing. It also cured my little boy of a dreadfully bad arm after vaccination. I know of several other cures it has effected and I cannot speak too highly of it. I am sure if people once try it they will always use it. Yours truly, R. SAVILLE.

Zam-Buk is healing, soothing and antiseptic. It quickly heals wounds and skin troubles. Certain cure for piles. Sold by all druggists and stores, 50c. a box, 3 for $1.25.

A Rummage Sale.

The women of the U.C.M.A. Club were to be entertained by Mrs. Blank. Each member received a card telling her to bring with her something which she had no use for but which was too good to throw away. They all brought their husbands.—Success.

The Pill That Leads Them All.— Pills are the most portable and compact of all medicines, and when easy to take are the most acceptable of preparations. But they must attest their power to be popular. As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the most popular of all pills they must fully meet all requirements. Accurately compounded and composed of ingredients proven to be effective in regulating the digestive organs, there is no surer medicine to be had anywhere.

Among the guests at a fashionable New York reception was a recently appointed young editor of one of the dailies, who thought extremely well of himself. He received an introduction to the thirteen-year-old daughter of his hostess.

"And how do you like newspaper men?" he asked the little maid in a most condescending tone of voice.

"I don't know," she replied artlessly; "the only one I know is the one who brings our paper every morning."—Lippincott's.

Tea is more susceptible to foreign influences than even butter. This is why it should never be exposed to the air or sold in bulk form. The sealed lead packets of "Salada" Tea preserve the tea in all its native goodness. Insist upon "Salada." 53

Mother—Are you sure that the girl will make you a good wife?

Son — Sure? Absolutely certain. She is the most kindly, generous, considerate, tender-hearted girl I ever met in my life.

Mother—I'm delighted to hear that. How did you find it out?

Son—By asking her for kisses.

The Canadian Pacific Railway are making an excursion rate of Single Fare for those desiring to attend the Tercentenary Celebration at Quebec.

Merchant—Yes; we are in need of a porter. Where were you employed last?

Applicant—In a bank, sir.

Merchant—Did you clean it out?

Applicant—No, sir. The cashier did that.

As a vermicide there is no preparation that equals Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It has saved the lives of countless children.

They met by chance.
They'd never met before;
They met but once,
And she was smitten sore.
They never met again—
Don't care to, I allow,
They met but once,
The auto and the cow.
—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Knicker—The school of experience holds no reunions.

Bocker—Because it has no graduates.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited,

Gents,—I cured a valuable hunting dog of mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT after several veterinaries had treated him without doing him any permanent good.

Yours, &c.,

WILFRID GAGNE,

Prop. of Grand Central Hotel, Drummondville, Aug. 3, '04.

One Sure Cure.

"Yes, Phaker used to be a small druggist and poor as poverty, but now he's manufacturing and selling a sure cure," said Towne.

"A sure cure for what?" asked Browne.

"Why, a sure cure for his poverty. I guess that's about all."—Houston Post.

The Kind.

"She seems like a very nice girl."

"One whom it would be safe to marry?"

"Oh, no. No girl is safe enough for that. But she's nice enough to think about marrying if you only know when to stop."—New York Life.

Black Watch Chewing Tobacco

A new sensation. A real pleasure. The big black plug.

2270

UNIQUE WEDDING GIFT.

A Pretty Custom That Is Peculiar to Brazil.

Coffee as a wedding gift is peculiar to Brazil. The custom in coffee raising countries is unknown in other parts of the world. When a child is born in the coffee country a sack of the best grain is set aside as part of the inheritance, to be received on attaining its majority. Usually the sack is the gift from some close friend or relative, and it is guarded as sacredly as if it were a gift of gold or bonds. No stress would induce a Brazilian parent to use coffee which was made the birth gift of a child. As a rule, it is sealed with the private seal of the owner and bears a card giving all particulars about the variety of grain, its age on being sacked, the birth of the child to whom it is given and other details which are very interesting when the gift is due. Generally the coffee is opened for the first time when the child marries. The coffee for the reception or marriage feast is made from the legacy, and according to precedent this must be the first time the sack is opened. After the coffee is made for the wedding feast the sack is carefully closed and sent to the new home of the young couple and should keep them in this single for a year at least. When both bride and bridegroom have the birth gift of coffee they have started life under very hopeful conditions, so far as one necessary is concerned. Few people know that the older the unparched grain of coffee is the better the flavor. Like wine, it grows with age, and that which is over twenty years mellowing under proper conditions will bring from $1.50 to $3 a pound from connoisseurs. The giving of pounds of green coffee is a common practice in the coffee belt. Friends exchange these gifts and compare results. When one cannot afford to give a sack of coffee it frequently is the case that ten pounds of the best grain are packed in a fancy case and bestowed on a newly born child, with directions that it must not be opened until the wedding day.

MISS TRUTH TELLER.

She Should Not Necessarily Tell the Whole Truth.

With so many people seemingly unable to tell the truth, the very title of a new book, "The Girl Who Couldn't Tell a Lie," is refreshing. One wishes to make her acquaintance. She would be a gladsome oasis in many an arid waste of lies.

Have you paused to think how many people fail to connect with the truth? Not that we advise wholesale truth telling. Indeed, it is only common decency to be silent, say, on the subject of hanging when one member of the party has had a relative hanged. A little tact will usually prevent one from saying the exact truth. A very good rule is never to ask a question which in the answering may prove unpleasant and never to make thoughtless remarks which may make somebody unhappy, uncomfortable or downright angry.

In the end the heroine in the story returns to her people, penniless and broken spirited, crushed by the discovery that in this hard and cynical world the uncompromising truth teller must pay the price of her heroic virtue.

Poor Pauline! One feels to whisper to her that it really is unnecessary, even unwise, to tell unpleasant truths. Only a goose girl would tell a fond and rich bachelor uncle her unvarnished opinion of him.

NEEDLEWORK HINTS.

How to finish the collar of a lingerie blouse is a troublesome question for some women. Fine ruching runs into money if one keeps it always fresh and dainty. The lace edge commonly seen is apt to droop over and look untidy. Here is one way a fashionable dressmaker solves the difficulty. She makes a close box plaiting of very narrow lace. It is as snug and keeps its place as well as a soft crepe lisse ruche. There is none of the falling over of the ordinary lace edge. It is a dainty finish in harmony with the blouse, especially if it is lace trimmed, and it is not expensive. If you buy your blouses ready made, just get a bit of very narrow valenciennes, plait it in and see what a dainty, pretty finish it is.

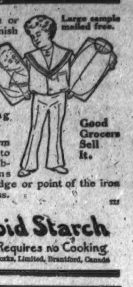
A pretty cord holder is made with a large piece of heavy cardboard, with the three points joined at the top to form a triangle shaped receptacle that will hold a ball of cord. Make a hole in the bottom of the box and draw the end of the cord through. Fasten the other end to her with little bows of baby ribbon and tie at the top with baby ribbon.

Next to leather itself, nothing is more useful for covering shirt waist and other utility boxes than burlap. Then, too, if the color selected harmonizes with the color scheme of the room it combines beauty with usefulness. The edges of the box should be finished off with linen braid of the color of the burlap and held in place by button tacks. Both the braid and the tacks may be bought of any upholsterer or in any drapery department of any general furnishing store. Burlap can be used with splendid effect for portieres where an inexpensive yet attractive material is desired. A running stenciled design around the bottom and up the sides would give the needed decoration.

To Rid Walks of Weeds.

To rid the walks of weeds boil two pounds of arsenic and four pounds of salsoda in six gallons of water. To every gallon of the boiling mixture add three gallons of cold water and sprinkle it over the walks while it is warm and when the walks are dry

THE dull white or the glossy finish on laundered linen is a matter of taste—to get either finish perfect is a matter of using Celluloid Starch.



Large sample mailed free.

Just add lukewarm water—soaks into fabric without rubbing and stiffens perfectly. The edge or point of the iron will give the gloss.

Good Grocers Sell It.

Celluloid Starch

Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking

The Brantford Starch Works, Limited, Brantford, Canada

Women Who Do Not Marry Until 35.

A German doctor lays it down as a well established fact based on close observation that women who do not marry until 35 or thereabout invariably achieve matrimonial success. Why women of this particular age should make more successful marriages than those who fall victims to love's young dream is fairly obvious. When a woman marries between 30 and 40 she either does so for companionship, choosing her mate accordingly, or from need, in which case she also chooses with a certain amount of care. She has no dreams of unalloyed bliss.—Lady's Pictorial.

(Scene— Farmers' dinner: tables well filled). Chairman—Mr. Thamson, please tab say the grace.

Mr. Thamson, with bent head, commences to whisper to himself.

Farmer next him — Speak out, Thamson!

Mr. Thamson—Shut up; I'm no' speakin' to you.

"Seems to me you look younger than ever."

"Why not? As I grow older I become more and more expert in avoiding trouble."—Life.

BINDER TWINE

Every ball fully Guaranteed and properly tagged to comply with Canadian laws.	Prep on board cars Calgary	Prep on board cars Winnipeg
STANDARD 500 lb. per bale 50 lbs.	$4.75	$4.38
MANILA 550 lb. per bale 50 lbs.	6.26	6.05
MANILA 600 lb. per bale 50 lbs.	6.75	6.38

Orders accepted for one bale or more. Terms cash with order or C. O. D. Prompt shipment and satisfaction guaranteed. Ask us for price on car lots.

COOPER CORDAGE CO., Minneapolis, Minn.



WILSON'S

FLY PADS

One packet has actually killed a bushel of flies.

— SOLD BY —

DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES

10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

2 in 1 SHOE POLISH

once used and you will discard every other. Insist on getting it.

Black and all Colors, 10c and 25c tins



IF YOU MEASURE THE VALUE OF A PAIR OF

Overalls

BY THE COMFORT AND SERVICE THEY GIVE

then there is only one brand for you to wear. It is called

KING OF THE ROAD

and every garment has a label like this attached.



Popular Prices At All Dealers

R. J. WHITLA & CO., LTD.

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When a man borrows trouble, the interest eats up the principal.—Kansas City Star.

ARTISTS' BLUNDERS.

A Procession of Monks That Adam and Eve Enjoyed.

Among the most amusing "breaks" by artists in a landscape by Turner in which a rainbow is depicted behind the sun. This occasioned almost as much humorous comment in English art circles as did the slip of Constable, the great French artist, who in his portrait of Queen Victoria painted the ribbon of the Order of the Garter the wrong color.

A picture of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden hung in the gallery of the Gesu, in Lisbon, represents the first couple as watching a procession of monks.

In the famous galleries at Antwerp are certain pictures of old masters in which the jumble of ideas is as remarkable as the technique is fine. In one picture of heaven the archangels are armed with bows and arrows, and in a celebrated painting of "The Murder of the Innocents" the massacre is represented as taking place in a city of Holland. The parents of the children are stout burghers, the Roman soldiers are Dutch policemen armed with muskets, and the innocent infants are transformed into solid schoolboys in bulgy wooded trousers and jackets and bobnailed shoes.

SOMNAMBULISM.

Some of the Curious Things Done by Sleepwalkers.

Many years ago an archbishop of Bordeaux attested the case of a young ecclesiastic who was in the habit of getting up during the night in a state of somnambulism and, taking pen, ink and paper, composing and writing his sermons. When he finished one page he would read and correct it. In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made use of his eyes the archbishop held a piece of pasteboard under his chin to prevent his seeing the paper upon which he was writing, but he continued to write on without being in the least inconvenienced.

It is related of Negretti, a sleepwalker, that he would sometimes carry a lighted candle, as if to give him light in his employment, but on a bottle being substituted he took it and carried it without apparently noticing the difference.

Another somnambulist would dress in his sleep and go to the cellar, where it was pitch dark, and draw wine from the cask without walking into anything and without spilling a drop of the wine, but if he happened to awake in the cellar he had great difficulty in groping his way out.—Exchange.

Another Kind.

When Johnny Hobbs left his home up among the New Hampshire hills to visit his grandmother in Worcester, Mass., he was cautioned by his mother that he would find things in the city strangely different from those at home.

Johnny arrived in the early afternoon, and long before tea time his grandmother, who lived most simply, told him to run out to the pantry and get a bowl of milk while she had left there "for a hungry boy."

A moment later she followed him and, to her amazement, beheld her grandson bravely at work on a bowl of spearmint tea which she had forgetfully put in the place where she had told him to find the milk.

"Why, child," she cried, seizing the bowl from poor Johnny, "don't you know this isn't milk?"

"I—I knew it wasn't like Hilbury milk," stammered Johnny, with a final gulp, "but I thought maybe it was the kind folks had in Worcester."

A Musical Spider.

The extraordinary musical sensitiveness of spiders has several times been proved. Every one has heard of Pellisson's spider. Counselor of the unfortunate prisoner it perished because it listened too closely to the captive's violin. The jailer saw it and crushed it brutally. Greiry, the composer speaks of a favorite spider which descended, along its thread upon his piano as soon as he played it. When giving recitals at Brussels Rubinstein saw a large spider issue from the floor of the platform and listen to the music. He gave three concerts at the same hall and on each occasion the spider appeared.—Paris Revue.

Sailing Clubs.

The first sailing club was probably the Cork Harbor Water club, now known as the Royal Cork Yacht club established in the year 1720. The vessels were small, and from that period until early in the nineteenth century yachting developed but slowly. In 1812 the Cowes Yacht club was founded with some fifty-five yachtsmen. Since that date yachting associations have rapidly grown in numbers and strength all over Europe and America.

Squelched.

Prosperous Young Actor (returning tired after a matinee and evening performance of successful play)—Ah, dear boys, I really think it's time all good actors were in bed. Grumpy Trageduan (cocking up from his paper)—They are.—Life.

Unexpected.

"Why, Clara," said a mother to her little daughter, who was crying, "what are you crying about?"

"Cos Alice," sobbed the little miss, "I asked her to make dolly a bonnet, and it crushed out bloomers."

Potential Incentive.

"Well, I'm very glad you could lose that $5 to-day, right? Belle—I would be thankful!"

"Well, I'll show my wife a thing or two, a Baltimore Record.

THE NORMAN FARMER.

He Carries His Top Soil With Him When He Moves.

The modern farmer was applying electrical massage to a cart horse's sprained knee.—During the interval of rest he talked farm talk.

"There are tenants," he said, "who, when they move, carry their farms with them as the tortoise does his house. These people are the Norman French, the world's best farmers. Where you or I would require twenty or thirty acres of land to keep one family, the French farmer will keep his family on a quarter of an acre. If he chose to cultivate twenty or thirty acres he would become a millionaire. His secret lies in the perfection to which he brings his top soil. What with fertilizing and watering and clearing, his top soil is the blackest, finest, richest soil on earth. His top soil is to the French farmer what her voice is to a prima donna. And when he rents he contracts that on the termination of his lease he may carry off eighteen inches of the top soil with him.

"When you see a French farmer moving one small cart carries his household goods, and in seven or eight enormous drays his top soil lumbers on behind."

THE MODERN HAT.

Its Serious Defects From the Hygienic Point of View.

The size, the style and incidentally the cost of women's hats, says a writer in the Berliner Umschau, have taken up so much of the time of the people who make hats a study that they have not had a moment to devote to the head covering of the sterner sex. Considered from the hygienic point of view, little fault can be found with the hats of our sisters, although some of them, when viewed through the glass of reason, are unthinkable. But men's hats are faulty from the physician's point of view, and a wider knowledge of the defects of the modern hat would add to the already large army of bare-headed men. In order to demonstrate which hats should be avoided a perfectly healthy man was placed where the rays of the sun could strike him directly. He wore while taking the sun bath various kinds of hats for a period of fifteen minutes each. Every hat contained in the crown a thermometer, and these recorded as follows: The one in the panama hat 77 degrees, the straw sailor 81, the silk hat 89, the felt hat 95 and the black hat and yachting cap 99 and 100 degrees respectively.

A Bath a Month.

Apparently the people of Persia are not great believers in the old maxim "Cleanliness is next to godliness," for baths are only taken once a month by the people, when they go to the public baths and, we amend so to speak, for the infrequency of their ablutions by spending a whole day getting cleaned and trimmed. At the baths they are washed, shaved, dye their hair and nails, get shampooed and spend the rest of the day eating buns and drinking sherbet. There are fixed days for men and women, and on bath days a man goes about the streets shouting "Hamum!" ("Bath day!") After the bath the ladies have their hair plaited in a number of thin plaits, which are not opened and combed out until the next bath day comes round.

Thought Only of the Dynamite.

Some grim stories are told of Lord Kitchener, says the United States Gazette, and we have read one which, although we cannot vouch for the truth of it, has a decided Kitchener flavor about it. A young subaltern who was in charge of some works that were in course of construction in the Punjab had the misfortune to lose some native workmen through an accident with dynamite. Fearful of a reprimand from headquarters, he telegraphed to the commander in chief, "Regret to report killing of twelve laborers by dynamite accident." Back is said to have come the laconic message, "Do you want any more dynamite?"

Greedy.

Two Englishmen on a holiday in France were dining together at a Paris restaurant. Mr. Smith would order and ask for everything he wanted in doubtful French, while Mr. Cross would offer explanations that were in the nature of criticisms. At last Mr. Smith's temper rose to explosive point. "Will you," he said in English this time—"be so good as not to interfere with me in the use of my French?"

"Very well," retorted Mr. Cross. "I simply wanted to point out that you were asking for a staircase when all you wanted was a spoon!"—London Mail.

Suffering Humanity.

"Mrs. Sourcing, who thought she had a mission to look after suffering humanity, is married, isn't she?"

"Yep."

"I was surprised to learn that she had given up her mission in life."

"She hasn't. Her husband is going to be suffering humanity hereafter."

The Pursuit of Pleasure.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits. But the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is overeager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

Man's Dull Attire.

Britishers are constantly becoming duller and more morose in the matter of their clothes. Their carelessness in this respect seems sometimes to amount to affectation.—Chambers' Journal.

HOLDING THE BABY.

Introducing a Nice Point In Baby Carriage Etiquette.

"That fellow doesn't know the first thing about the etiquette of the baby carriage," remarked one of a group of men at Thirty-first and Main streets.

The comment was made to all in a general way. One of the group, the man with a frayed collar and a look of patient resignation, gazed anxiously at a couple about to board a car. The mother was sparring in a desperate sort of way with one of those baby carriages which shop salesmen can open and close in a minute and the users in from five to thirty minutes.

"Don't see anything wrong with that," said the man with the frayed collar. "He's got to hold the baby even if she does have to wrestle with the carriage. You don't think he ought to hold the baby and take care of the carriage, too, do you?"

"Well, there's one thing sure," rejoined the objector—"the man doesn't know a thing about baby carriage etiquette. What you want to do it this: If the baby weighs more than the carriage, it's the man's place to hold the baby. If the carriage weighs more, he should hand the baby to his wife."

"Oh, piffle!" interpolated the man with the big black cigar. "You're way off. What he ought to do is to hand the baby to his wife and the carriage to the conductor."

POINTING THE BONE.

Queer Superstition of the Native Blacks of Australia.

The native blacks of Australia are steeped in superstition. A black fellow will on no account go near the spot where another black has been buried. He has a deep rooted aversion to one particular bird—the wagtail—because, he says, "him all day talk, talk along a white feller, him all about black feller," and no opportunity is lost of killing these little birds.

Many tribes "bury" their dead by sticking them up into the forks of trees and there leaving them till the flesh has either dropped or been taken, leaving the bones clean. These bones are then taken down, the larger ones buried and the smallest handed round as keepsakes to those nearly related to the deceased. Should one black fellow wish the death of a rival or enemy he points the bone at him. This means that he takes one of his late relation's bones from his dilly bag and points it, in the presence of witnesses, at the man he wishes to get rid of, all the time pouring forth threats and curses.

Strange as it may seem, the one pointed at will often languish and eventually die, perhaps in a month, perhaps in a year, for no sooner is the bone pointed than he makes up his mind to die, and there is no saving him.—London Standard.

Tennyson's Cure For Shyness.

It is recorded in "Tennyson's Life" that he used to recommend to a younger brother the thought of the stellar spaces, swarming with constellations and traversed by planets at ineffable distances, as a cure for shyness, and a lady of my acquaintance used to endeavor as a girl to stay her failing heart on the thought of eternity at such moments. It is all in vain. At the urgent moment one cares very little about the stellar motions or the dim vistas of futurity and very much indeed about the cut of one's coat and the glances of one's enemies, and the doctrines of the church and the prospects of ultimate salvation are things very light in the scales in comparison with the pressing necessities of the crisis and the desperate need to appear wholly unconcerned.—Arthur C. Benson in Putnam's and Reader.

A Terrific Tumble.

Most marvelous of all the stories of great falls is the account of Charles Woodcot's terrific tumble from a height of no less than 3,000 feet. It was in Venezuela, and he was making a parachute descent. The parachute refused to open till within 100 or 200 feet from the ground. Then it spread out suddenly and split. The unfortunate man crushed both ankles and both knees, broke his right thigh and hip, dislocated his spinal column and suffered other injuries. Yet after a year in a hospital he recovered sufficiently to write an account of what was probably the most fearful accident mortal man ever survived.

Spilled Mercury.

Mercury spilled on a table or floor is somewhat hard to collect unless special precautions are taken, owing to its tendency to divide into small globules, which roll away at the slightest touch. If a wet ring is made around the spilled mercury by the aid of a wash bottle or other similar means, it will be found that the globules of mercury cannot cross the ring. The mercury can then be collected in a small shovel, made from a piece of thin card or even an ordinary envelope.

Race of Life.

There wouldn't be so very much fun in living if there were not a hurdle or two to jump over in this race of life. There always have been obstacles, and there always will be, and it is of no use to repine over them.

Our Neighbors.

Sunday School Teacher—Why did the Lord command us to love our neighbors? Little Lola—Oh, I guess it was another way of telling us to love our enemies.

No man is nobler born than another unless he is born with better abilities and more amiable disposition.—Seneca.

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